

A LIVING WAGE OR FAMILY ENDOWMENT ?

NO follower of Christ, who had "compassion on the multitude," can fail to be afflicted by the sight of the industrial chaos of to-day, which is the result partly of the oblivion of Christian principles, partly of their faulty application. Labour and Capital seem to be arrayed in hopeless antagonism and, instead of co-operating for their mutual benefit, act as if bent on each other's destruction. The folly of this internecine strife is so manifest that members of all parties are busy suggesting remedies. The employer calls for more production of wealth, yet does not suggest better distribution. The worker clamours for better wages and more control, yet is not solicitous of what industry can bear. The consumer denounces the monopolies and trusts, the gambling in the necessities of life, the parasitic middleman, that add so to the cost of living. All have justice on their side but not all justice: few are capable of taking a fair and balanced view of the whole situation. All are victims of the false and confused economic principles with which modern industry started its career and which are being only gradually abandoned in the light of bitter experience. Accepting the present Capitalist system in the main, many economists are working to remedy its evils and to animate its operations with sound ethics. In this paper I propose to consider one of the most hopeful of modern expedients, the successful and universal adoption of which would go far to transform the face of industry. It is an economic device, which although known and practised abroad for some time, has not yet received in England either from Capital or Labour the practical consideration which it deserves. Yet its merit consists in its ready adaptability to existing conditions and its compatibility with the other devices for reconciling the interests of employer and employed which have already met acceptance. I refer to the industrial expedient, called here, rather incorrectly, "Family Endowment."

This new movement for Family Endowment, which has already provoked a considerable literature, has a special claim to a careful examination at the present crisis and the fact

that it has yet to win its way to universal popularity should be a further stimulus.¹

I may briefly note that this particular new scheme has had to meet with a host of obstacles due, not only to the reluctance of the professional Economists to leave their theoretical deductions for a plan which is still being evolved from practical experience, but to the fact that it seems to lessen the economic dependence of the wife in the family circle. A more serious prejudice against the new idea is pointed out by Mrs. M. Stocks in the January "*Hibbert Journal*,"² who shows that the economists have generally concentrated on the problem of wealth-production rather than on that of wealth-distribution, and thus paid little heed to the needs of the family. It might be urged that the older school of economists, Adam Smith and the subsequent generation, were faced with other more urgent problems. Industry was still kept in bonds and fettered by restrictions of law and rather primitive methods of production. Free development of production was the problem of the past century, and, we know, it has witnessed a startling revolution of the methods of traffic, business and producing wealth. But the "*laissez-faire*" doctrine of the old school committed the fatal error of mistaking the actual world of unequal industrial units with unequal chances for an ideal world of equal opportunities for everybody. Their belief that, provided everybody—capital and labour—was free to seek his own selfish interests, the matter of distribution of wealth would take care of itself, according to the law of balance of interests, proved wholly unfounded. The gulf between Dives and Lazarus has been widened in modern society to a formidable extent.³

¹ In the preface to Joseph L. Cohen's new book on "Family Income Insurance," Miss Eleanor Rathbone, who, in this country, is at once the pioneer, philosopher and moving spirit of the new movement, stresses the special suitability of the coal industry for a scheme of family allowances by equalization pools, pointing out the almost universal custom of paying family allowances in the mining industry of nearly all the continental countries which compete closely with our own. "The miner's plight," she declares, "is so serious that it should incline all concerned to consider any expedient, however novel, which offers a reasonable chance of escape from the difficulty, amounting to impossibility, under the present system of paying a living wage."

² In an article entitled "The Economic Family and the Economic Man."

³ We may fitly illustrate the depth of this gulf by the tables given recently by Professor Clay in his address to the Manchester Statistical Society on "The Distribution of Capital in England and Wales" for 1920-21. According to the Professor total capital in that year amounted to £11,860 millions, and the total number of those owning capital (using the term in its broadest sense) was 17.7 millions. Of these 17.7 millions, 13.5 millions, or 76.26 per cent of the total owned only £912 millions, or 7.6 per cent of the total wealth. In this total of

However, Mrs. Stocks need not worry about Adam Smith. Distribution, or to speak more accurately, redistribution of wealth is the great problem of the twentieth century and the modern school of economists are quite alive to it. If many out of their ranks show but little enthusiasm towards the new movement, it is because they think that what really matters is the proper *vertical* distribution between the *various* classes. A better *horizontal* distribution between families and individuals of the same class will follow more or less automatically, once a better vertical distribution is secured. To seek a solution by reforming the wages-system separately is, to their mind, merely to plaster a wound that needs the knife. Advocates of family allowances, on the other side, are often prone to overlook this fundamental issue, and, without paying much attention to the proportion that wages should bear to the total product of industry, to concentrate on the amount actually available for wages at present, after employers have secured their profits. The truth is here, as everywhere, in the middle.

A right and sound perspective of the whole problem will only be gained by looking both ways, but we submit, that reform of the wage system is the more pressing of the two aspects. To aim at a much wider diffusion of private property and the practical abolition of the proletariat is of course most desirable. But a more or less vague prospect of improvement in a distant future—and any great reform requires time—will not bring immediate relief to those in crying need—the unemployed, the sweated, and their dependents. Waiting for the slow evolution of a better system only increases industrial unrest and insecurity from which it is essential to escape with all possible speed.¹

£912 millions are included furniture, personal effects, tools, and so forth. In other words, three income receivers out of four were, practically speaking, without capital, forming a true proletariat. A further 4.6 per cent of total capital was owned by another 2 million income receivers (these figures being based on the returns from estates under £500 gross), while another million (according to returns of estates under £1,000 net) owned another 6.3 per cent. This means that the *remaining 6.1 per cent of income receivers owned the remaining 81.5 per cent of total capital*, a striking disparity and one that appears still more striking when one notes that 49,000 persons (0.28 per cent of the total of income receivers) owned 38.5 per cent of total wealth. One must, of course, allow a certain margin of error in such statistics; but their language remains impressive and unmistakable.

¹ It is of good omen that practical economists are beginning to turn their attention to the question of Family Endowment. Apart from Miss Rathbone's notable book, "The Disinherited Family," which remains the best English discussion of the subject, Paul H. Douglas, the well-known American Economist,

But, as in the case of other schemes for their welfare, the ignorance, apathy and prejudice of the workers themselves must be overcome before Family Endowment becomes a success. Miss Rathbone's insinuation, that in the fight for better wages, organized labour has found the cry—"our wives and children"—too useful a weapon to be laid aside, as it would have to be were provision made for them apart from wages, would now seem unfounded, since Family Allowances figure as an outstanding feature on the new Programme of the Independent Labour Party. But the workers are mainly critical of details and especially deprecate any arrangement by which either employers alone or employers conjointly with the State would bear the costs of the allowances. It is not, of course, out of sympathy with the poor over-taxed employer, that they object to throwing "the burden, even partially, on industry." They fear, as a leading article in the "New Leader" (January 29th) puts it, that "the employer would raise his prices, and a great part of the apparent gain would vanish with the higher cost of living." To their mind only a non-contributory or wholly State-supported system would afford the necessary guarantee that the costs of the allowances would be derived from the well-to-do by means of income and inheritance taxes, instead of coming out of the pockets of the workers themselves through the increased price of commodities.

Still deeper rooted is their objection to any scheme advocating a mere redistribution of existing wages, whereby unmarried men would be deprived of that comfortable margin for enjoyment which their married comrades have to use

has given us a most thorough and scientific study of the movement in his book "Wages and the Family." Joseph L. Cohen's carefully documented little work, "Family Income Insurance," though only concerned with a particular form of Family Endowment, is another valuable contribution to the question. On the Continent the relative literature is more extensive. In France, the motherland of the movement, the reports of three "Congrès Nationaux des Caisses de Compensation," invaluable sources of information, have been studied and commented upon by Economists of every denomination; doctoral dissertations have been written by Guordon, Victor and J. P. Labaume, and innumerable articles have appeared on the subject. In Holland, Joeke's, A.M., "Family Allowances in the Netherlands," gives us an excellent discussion of the various proposals and forces at work. E. Heimann's "Der Streit um den Familienstandslohn" contains an illuminating discussion of the principles involved in the German system. W. Kulemann, "Zur Reform des Entlohnungssystemes," is a vigorous advocacy of family allowances; whilst H. Leipert, "Lohn nach Leistung oder nach dem Familienstand," sums up the objections of the socialistic trade unions to the family wage. G. Braun's "Des Soziellohn und seine wirtschaftliche Bedeutung" is perhaps the best German study of the case.

on their families. The "New Leader" styles it as "psychologically impossible" to ask the younger men and bachelors "to pay for other people's children" from their smaller incomes, "even if that meant no gain to the employer." ("Children or Battleships," January 29th.)

To get at the ultimate source of suspicion, however, we must reckon with the workers' inveterate disbelief in the possibility of any friendly co-operation between employers and workers. The Trade Unions of France, for instance, were at the outset mistrustful of the whole movement, where indeed they were not definitely hostile, seeing in it only a fresh means of keeping the worker and his family in tutelage. Leading Trade Union officials have declared, that "the institution of family allowances (in its existing form) is aimed at undermining the freedom of the worker." But now, that the experiment has proved a huge success, they admit, though grudgingly, that "it could not be destroyed without inconvenience." "Only one course remains open," they state, "to transform it by amending and perfecting it." At the annual conference of the *Confédération Générale du Travail* in 1923 a long resolution was passed, to tell us how the desired perfecting was to be effected, declaring that "the service of family allowances, premiums at birth and allowances to nursing mothers should be under the control of the State (*la collectivité*), managed by officially appointed committees, including representatives of the various interests concerned, and financed by compulsory contributions from employers and by subsidies from the public purse. The allowances should be *completely* separated from the question of labour and should not be affected by its fluctuations or by unemployment or illness." Even without accepting a certain socialist philosophy, whose key-stone seems to be: "Individuals cannot be trusted," one may frankly recognize that the system of family allowances could be used by employers as a means to secure their dominance over organized labour, to penalize strikes and unsatisfactory services, etc. There are, however, as we shall point out, many devices possible—even apart from any form of State control—to avoid this obvious danger.

Mention of these obstacles, theoretical and practical, to the new scheme might lead us to expect that at least one class, that of the employers, would be anxious to embrace it. But far from being enthusiastic about it they seem only to anti-

pate a new and heavy burden to be thrown on industry, already over-taxed. The prospect of a reduction in the wages bill, held out by the new scheme, is to them illusory, since even the proposed living wage, no longer based on the needs of a five-member family but on those of a single man, would be in practice too great for industry to bear. The proposed reduction, they argue, would mean in fact the maintenance of existing wages, and in addition the payment of allowances.

Incredible though it seems in the twentieth century, some, in pleading against the new plan, go as far as to revive the "comfortable doctrine," underlying Ricardo's crude subsistence theory of wages, that physical want must be retained as the lash with which to drive men to action. Professor F. Y. Edgeworth ("Equal Pay to Men and Women for Equal Work," "Economic Journal," xxxiii., December, 1922), in his criticism of the State endowment of motherhood, solemnly declares, that "it does not require much knowledge of human nature to justify the apprehension that in relieving the average house-father from the necessity of providing necessities for his family you would remove a great part of his incentive to work." As if the main function of children was to stimulate the exertion of their fathers! Even were this objection sound, as Mrs. Stocks says, "it may be desirable to give the younger children a fair chance of obtaining a better physical equipment for the battle of life, even at the expense of a little parental morale." ("The Meaning of Family Endowment," p. 38.)

Finally, there is a last class of men which is necessarily concerned in one way or another with the new movement, those who make and administer our laws.

In this country, so far, the question of child-allowances seems to have arrested the interest of the social parties only. The new I.L.P.'s Manifesto contains two outstanding items: the claim of a living wage to be used as a lever to bring Socialism in our time, and the advocacy of a general scheme of child-allowances. It does not seemingly suspect any incompatibility between the two: a Living Wage and Family Endowment, but it holds out the two conjointly as baits to its adherents. But even though the other parties have not officially considered, still less adopted the scheme, the spectacle of a Tory Government sponsoring so socialistic a plan as that of Widows' Pensions shows that there is nothing inherently improbable in Family Endowment becoming a po-

litical measure. The main difficulty is, of course, financial. No Chancellor of the Exchequer, even if a Labour Government were in power (as may be seen from the example of Australia, where Labour's enthusiasm for the proposal diminished rapidly as it assumed power), would be in a hurry to furnish from the Treasury the costs of a scheme of family endowment. These costs, supposing the system to be entirely State-supported, and following Mr. Cohen's forecast, based upon the census of 1921, would amount, for 9,605,000 children under 15, to £152,000,000, and for 10,264,000 children under 16, to £160,000,000, at the rate of 6s. a week for each child, or to £133,000,000 at a flat rate benefit, 5s. for each child under 16. These amounts approximate to our whole pre-war revenue, and may well seem out of the question. Statesmen are, however, capable of finding a way, once public opinion has been converted. And if the world ever returns to sanity the bulk of that huge sum might be saved from armament expenses. The idea of Family Allowances is not wholly strange to the politician. Up to a point, family needs were taken into account in the separation allowances of war time, in war pensions, and in the new Widows' Pensions Act. A beginning has been made by recognizing, in principle at least, the needs of the soldiers' children, then of the children of the soldiers' widows, then of those of the civilian widows. Our legislators cannot close their eyes much longer to the children of the living wage-earner.

It is time now, leaving the discussion of objections aside as they can be answered incidentally, to set forth a clear statement of the case for Family Endowment. If we leave out of account antiquated wages theories, such as the subsistence theory and the wages fund theory, there are at present two apparently conflicting principles underlying attempts to determine wages, viz., "Equal pay for equal work," and "To each according to his needs."

Employers sympathize, as a rule, with the former principle, considering as they do the wages mainly as a remuneration for work done. And the work done is evidently determined by the efficiency of the worker himself and not by his needs or the size of his family. The worker on the other hand considers primarily his own needs and uses them as an argument when engaging in a wage agreement. A third extrinsic cause affecting wage rates is the "law" of supply and demand, modified as it now is by collective bargaining,

and a further modification arises according as work is paid for by the time or the piece. But if the service rendered is alone taken into account and the same wage rates are fixed for all workers of a given grade in a given establishment or district, irrespective of size of family or other special circumstances of individual workers, then the adequacy of such rates for the maintenance of an average family can only be accidental and may easily fall short. Hence it would seem that justice must call in the aid of the second principle.

This principle, that payment should be made to the workers according to their needs implies that the wage-earner should find in his labour the means of living a normal human life, which involves having and maintaining a family. The "living wage" includes not only the worker but those dependent upon him. It is based on the fact that the labourer is not an inanimate tool or a mere animal but a human personality with human rights and duties. But its application bristles with difficulties, not only because organized Labour makes its wage-agreements collectively, but because, *de facto*, the worker may remain unmarried or may have fewer or more children. To meet this difficulty the wage-basis is arbitrarily fixed in view of the needs of a supposed typical family of five members—man, wife and three children. Whether paid or not, this wage-estimate appears to have been very generally accepted by both employers and workers as representing a "living wage."

We have advanced a good deal from Adam Smith, whose view of the worker was inhuman. There are few economists, if any, who to-day would dare deny openly the soundness of the principle, that "no scheme of industry can be regarded as satisfactory which does not provide minimum wages for workers of normal ability, which in the case of a man will enable him to marry, to live in a decent house, and to bring up a family of average size in a state of physical efficiency, whilst leaving a margin for contingencies and recreation."¹

But a closer examination of this arbitrary standard, which seems to assume that in nine cases out of ten the family consists of five members, will show up its fallacy and inadequacy. What are the facts, revealed by the plain speaking of sober statistics? Taking the census figures of 1921—the deplorable fall of the birthrate for England and Wales during 1925 to 18.3 per 1,000 of the total population as compared with

¹ Rowntree in his illuminating pamphlet, "Industrial Unrest," 1922.

24.1 in 1913 (and 18.7 in France) will add to the force of the argument,—Miss Rathbone establishes the following startling statistics concerning workers over twenty in England and Wales: 26.6 per cent are bachelors, 39 per cent are married or widowers with *no dependent* children, 15 per cent have *one* dependent child, 10.5 per cent have *two* dependent children, 6.2 per cent have *three* dependent children (the type!), 6.7 per cent have four or more dependent children.¹

Thus the truth is that the type chosen to determine the living wage fits only about 6 per cent of the workers, whereas 65 per cent enjoy an income, not indeed of excessive amount, yet above what is strictly necessary, and over 12 per cent of the families—and these with one and a half million children between them—are living in a state of poverty, which compels them to make severe inroads on their health and vitality. In other words, the five-member-family basis obviously fails to secure justice for those families.² Is the remedy then, asks Miss Rathbone, to increase the living wage, which is already adequate, comparatively speaking, in the case of bachelors and childless workers? Justice makes no such demand, and besides industry could not stand it. That seems so obvious, that even the Editor of the "New Leader," H. Brailsford, in his reply to Ellen Wilkinson's criticism of the new I.L.P.'s programme makes no attempt to conceal it (January 8th, 1926). There he styles it dishonest to promise every worker an average wage of only £4. . . . "Nor would it be much more honest at this stage to talk of a wage of £4 for every worker. The whole of the wealth produced in this country to-day, however ruthlessly you divided it, would not

¹ See "Wages Plus Family Allowances," 1925. The breakdown of the case is still more obvious in the Irish Free State where there are 1,000,000 adult male workers. A living wage based on a five member family would provide for a million wives and three million children. But the whole population is, not 5,000,000, but only 3,160,000.

² "The prevailing standard," they argue, "creates a crushing burden upon industry, and, besides, entails a great wastage in the wages' bill." "To pay such a wage to *all* adult male workers in the English-speaking countries would be more than adequate for between 70 and 80 per cent of the workers," writes P. H. Douglas in the above-mentioned book, "while it would be less than was needed for from 10 to 15 per cent. To grant such an increase (as to meet their needs on the prevailing method) in the United States would mean paying for no less than 48,000,000 fictitious dependents, while combined with equal pay for women it would mean providing for no less than 72,000,000 non-existent people. Without meeting the basic needs of those with larger families (more than three children) it would pour into the pockets of the unmarried and those married persons who have few or no children a great excess over their wants." A revision of the adopted standard seems to them the only possible conclusion to be drawn.

yield such a wage all round." Some other way then must be found to suit wages to the varying needs of workers. Leaving aside the three methods of increasing the funds distributable in wages, generally suggested—reduction of profits, raising of prices, increase of output per worker—as being inadequate and in any case tardy in operation, immediate necessities can be met by the Family Endowment scheme. This system is not a risky or untried experiment but has stood already the test of experience in various countries and under varying conditions—in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland, Australia, Italy, etc. The plan, moreover, while being flexible enough to suggest a temporary expedient, without doing away with any of the recognized fundamental principles, is at the same time capable of being adapted to improved conditions of industry. The best way to put it will be to show its twofold aspect.

It has first a *negative* side, as it proposes breaking down the cherished structure of the "living wage" based on the fictitious five-member-family, which has proved such an inadequate measure of justice.

How this revision may be carried out is shown by the positive or constructive part of their scheme. The architectural outlines look simple enough. There is (1) a foundation, the so-called basic minimum wage, which means equal pay for equal work to each worker, whether single or married; (2) upon this foundation the frame-work of allowances is to be constructed, graded according to the number of dependents, which means additional payments, varying, not according to services rendered, but according to family responsibilities; (3) the whole fabric, then, is put either under the private management of employers or under the joint control of workers and employers or under the control of the State.

Economists discuss the standard for the minimum wage. None better has been devised than Pope Leo's "frugal comfort," which admits of variability according to climate, living-costs, etc. This basic minimum concerns only the individual's needs and provides only an inferior limit. The ideal is further to adjust wages to individual capacity, so as to afford room for healthy ambition. The basic minimum can equally be applied to women, whenever they are performing virtually identical work, especially as the increasing automatization of industry is ever widening the area of work which both men and women can equally perform. The pro-

vision of an equal minimum wage for both sexes is in the interests of both, as removing any inducement for the employer to substitute women for men or to level down the wage-rate of the men to that of women.

As the difficulties in framing the allowance-system, to be graded according to the various needs of various families are mostly of a mere technical nature, we may leave them to experts. Joseph L. Cohen and Paul H. Douglas, to mention only those two, give us detailed statistics as to the different rates and total amount of various elaborate allowances systems. Were it, to start with, a grant of only 5s. a week per child, that alone would transform the existence of every family near the economic "poverty-line" and would mean hope and courage to many a struggling mother in her most difficult years. But we wish to point out and to underline one essential feature of "allowances," the neglect of which has caused such a deplorable confusion in the literature on that subject.¹ Allowances cannot and should not be classified under "charitable institutions," as is done by certain authors, nor still less should they be considered as a part of wages and styled the "family-wage." They are a just claim which the family of the worker has on those who employ his services.

The term, "Family Endowment," a not very happy translation of the French "*allocations familiales*" suggests too much the idea of a bounty and fails to convey the conception of a legal right. What workers want is not a charitable subsidy, but justice. Being the storehouse and power-station of the energy required for industry and national welfare, the working-family has a *just claim*—not only in regard to the individual employer but also in regard to the community—to a measure of economic security and freedom. This truth, which was admitted and practised through centuries of mediæval civilization, was later over-ridden by that of unlimited competition, and, to quote W. Cunningham, whilst "in olden times wages were the first charge, and prices on the whole depended upon them, in modern times wages are, on the other hand, directly affected by prices." Bearing in mind that Family Endowment is merely a palliative of an industrial system which has gone wrong, we may claim that it does something

¹ One writer has summarized the diverse views on Family Endowment as follows: "To some the principle appears as a foretaste of Communism, to others as a measure of wage-economy, to some as the next step of advanced feminism, to others as a brake upon the industrialization of the home-life, while to many it appears above all else as a sweeping measure of child welfare."

to restore the justice of the old regime, without creating any new injustice.

Moreover, as we have already said, needless confusion is introduced into the subject by considering allowances as a mere redistribution of part of the wage-bill. The vague phrase, "family-wage," lends itself to endless misunderstanding, as is shown in such phrases as—"We must modify our wage system by introducing into it a new principle," or, to quote an advocate of the plan, Mr. H. Somerville, "Such is the essential principle of this human wage plan, which relates payment to human needs *instead* of merely to productivity. It accepts the *human* logic of, 'from each according to his capacity, to each according to his needs' instead of the commercial logic of 'equal pay for equal work.'"¹ Unless a clear line is drawn between wages and allowances one cannot but see a conflict between the two principles,—“To each according to his needs” and “Equal pay for equal work,”—whereas they spring from different sources—one, the workers' human dignity, the other the workers' industrial worth. It should be made clear that both are severally provided for, and that allowances form an additional payment, entirely apart from and supplementary to wages, so that the whole family-income consists of the competitive wage of the bread-winner together with an extra amount (French: *sur-salaire*) provided in respect of dependents.

Advocates of family allowances do not claim to have a ready-made solution for the wages question. It is not their business to determine what is a fair wage or a living wage, or what should be the "basic minimum." They cannot propound an "ex cathedra" settlement of some of the most difficult and as yet unsolved problems of economic science. But as practical men, bent on relieving destitution, preventing waste, securing a fairer distribution of the products of industry, they claim these allowances as a recognition of the special needs and special services of parenthood, a recognition of the right of the working mother, on behalf of her children, to a share of her own socially created wealth. We must now finally consider how and whence they are provided.

A clean separation of the two, Wages and Allowances, will, of course, necessitate the creation of a separate fund for the latter. And here we meet with a third typical feature of

¹ Cf. *The Commonweal*, November 18, 1925.

the new system, the practical organization and management of the allowances-payment.

There are at least three possible methods, none ideally perfect: (1) an entirely private system, where the costs are met wholly by employers, individually or through "equalization funds," *i.e.*, common pools provided from contributions collected from the employers in the industry or region which organizes the scheme; (2) an entirely State-supported and State-controlled system, where the costs are met by the State out of taxation; (3) a combination of the first two, *i.e.*, of private initiative under State control and with State support or, by compulsory contributions levied on the State, employers and workers together through the stamp system. The last method would involve a large extension of prevailing Insurance schemes, and is styled by Joseph L. Cohen, "Family Income Insurance."

It would lead us too far to discuss the three methods in detail. The first one is exemplified in the existing Continental Schemes. Great Britain is at present the only country where Family Allowances for miners are not organized by the employers. In the mining industry, in public services, the railways and business firms in France this system is generally adopted. According to the "Bulletin du Ministère du Travail" the number of central pools, called "Les Caisses de compensation," amounted on March 1st, 1925, to 165 as compared with six on January 1st, 1920. The industrial pools were contributed to by 11,000 industrial and business establishments with 1,200,000 workers. The families concerned and benefited numbered 276,000 with 480,000 children. The amount distributed in family allowances per year shows the respectable figure of 146,000,000 frs., or about five or six per cent of the wages bill. The obvious danger, that employers may be induced to prefer single men to married men is avoided by the establishment of such common pools to which each employer has to contribute according to the number of his workmen, whether they are married or single. To afford a safeguard against undue pressure on the part of the individual employer, those payments could be made by a central office under joint control of worker-representatives and employers, to which each plant (or individual employer) would make its periodical report about the families in question. No doubt, the system has its drawbacks and dangers, which seem to call for a limited State

control in a matter so vital to the workers' welfare. But on the other side its advantages are considerable. Not only is it more elastic and can be made to suit the special characteristics of each industry, it lends itself also to joint control by employers and workpeople. There is a widespread desire that the modern workman shall have a sense of sharing in the control of the *industrial* life of the community as he does in that of *political* life. Here is a start which may lead to further co-operative control.

The second system, which remains in theory, has the hearty and exclusive support of the Independent Labour Party. "Of our national expenditure this year," writes Hugh Dalton, M.P., in "The New Leader," January 15th, 1926, "out of a total of £800,000,000 more than £300,000,000 are for interest on the War Debt and more than £120,000,000 for armaments. Given a bold Socialist policy in finance and international affairs, part of the cost of child-allowances should be covered by large reductions in these swollen charges for past and future wars. The *non-contributory character* is *fundamental* (i.e., not contributed to by private organization). No direct charge is so imposed on wages or on industry, but only on profits after they have been made, on large incomes and inherited fortunes."

The underlying argument is that every direct charge on industry, such as contributions of employers, must tend to raise prices and to depress wages, since those direct burdens must be met exactly as rents are met, before a balance is struck and a dividend paid. Income-tax and super-tax would not have the same direct effect, since they do not figure in the Company's balance-sheet, but are paid by the individual director and shareholder and consequently would not have any direct or necessary effect on prices and wages. This, however, is not their only argument.

The third proposal is to follow the model of contributory insurance schemes. The worker, the employer and the State would each pay a certain rate of the cost. The administrative, economic and psychological advantages of using a ready-made mechanism, such as is afforded by existing schemes of social insurance for unemployment and sickness, capable of extension to cover the new purpose of children's welfare, seem to be a strong case in favour of this form of Family Allowances. France had no such system, when making a new experiment in a wholly unexplored field. To-

day it is widely felt in French industrial circles, that the present organization can no longer be accepted as satisfactory. Not only should the fathers of families, receiving the allowances, have a voice in the framing and administration of the schemes, but they also feel strongly and justifiably that allowances should be guaranteed by some form of public control against fluctuations such as unemployment, sickness, strikes.

Subject always to the restoration of industry to a proper ethical basis, there is no reason why a Catholic should deprecate a moderate State control. "The richer class," to quote Leo XIII.'s Labour Encyclical, "have many ways of shielding themselves and stand less in need of help from the State; whereas those who are badly off, have no resources of their own to fall back upon and must chiefly depend upon the assistance of the State. And it is for this reason that wage-earners who are undoubtedly among the weak and necessitous should be *specially cared for* and protected by the Government." No doubt, a combination of private and public contributions would secure a greater steadiness in the payment of allowances and remove the great stumbling-block of burdening one group of industry with a heavier charge than another which refused to adopt the scheme.

We may leave it, however, to the discretion of the reader to form a judgment of his own on the best possible method of paying allowances, which will be a subject of discussion for some time to come. But the movement, which is not necessarily committed to anyone of these three types, will go ahead with vigorous strides. The arguments in its favour are too strong, its logic is too unassailable, its appeal to the human heart is too irresistible, its claims are too just to be ignored any longer.

J. B. KRAUS.

SOME SHROPSHIRE EPITAPHS

AFTER passing through the beautiful little village of Stoke-on-Tern, with its mellow Georgian manor-house under the shelter of rook-haunted elms, one reaches the flat water-meadows to find at their beginning, across the bridge, a painfully Victorian Gothic church, "splendidly null" like so many of its kind, with an "icily faultless" lychgate.

Of the old fabric nothing seems to remain, and almost the only feature of historical interest within is an early Elizabethan alabaster tomb. The earlier Elizabethan monuments are rare enough to repay study (like the earlier Elizabethan writings, before Spenser had inaugurated the Elizabethan period proper). There are recumbent effigies of Sir Reginald Corbet and his wife, with figures of their children in the panels below, who died in 1549, 1551, 1556, 1560, 1564 and 1566 respectively. Two are in swaddling-bands, and two others have swords. Both Sir Reginald and his wife wear a very slight ruff, and their whole bearing is in striking contrast with the hectoring arrogance of the later Elizabethans. The faces are distinctly refined in feature and expression, and the inscription, in a somewhat feeble kind of black letter, has a curious compromise regarding prayer for the dead:

Hic tumulantur corpora reginaldi corbet qui tertius
fuit filius Roberti corbet de morton militis ac unus
justiciariorum dominae reginae Elizabeth ad placita
coram ipsa tenenda atque uxoris suae qui quidem Regi-
naldus obiit XIX die Novembris anno dni m^o d^o lxvi. et
predicta alicia obiit die (blank) Anno dni m^o d^o (blank)
faxit deus ut foeliciter (*sic*) resurgent.¹

We may note with some surprise the careless omission of the "foresaid" Alice's name in the first instance, and the failure to fill in the date of her death.

Architecturally too the tomb is transitional, the panels

¹ "Here lie the bodies of Reginald Corbet the third son of Robert Corbet of Moreton, soldier, and one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and of his wife. The said Reginald died on November 19 in the year of Our Lord 1566 and the foresaid Alice on the (blank) day in the year of Our Lord 15—(left blank). May God grant them a happy resurrection."

below being separated by short pilasters upbearing a kind of lintel. Altogether it is in pleasing contrast with the brazen presumption of certain tablets of that metal in Cheswardine Church, where, underneath a coat of arms, I read:

Memoriae Sacrum. Here vnderneath lyeth interred the body of John Sowdley of this parish Esquier who dyed the 1111th day of April MDCCX hereafter to rise in glory.

Post Funera Virtus.

And not far off is another:

Here vnderneath lyeth interred the body of Gabriell Lloyd of Ellerton in this parish Esquier who dyed the sixth of Ianvary MDCXXXII Hereafter to rise in glory.

Mors aeternae vitae natalis est.

When I read this there came into my mind Ruskin's satire on the modern Briton who looks upon the cross not as a *furca* to which he is to be nailed, but "a raft to float him and his valuable effects into Paradise."

On the north wall is a well-cut brass tablet of 1734 bearing the interesting spelling Gouldstone (for Goldstone). Indeed Cheswardine is remarkable in many ways. Its fine fifteenth century church tower of red sandstone is an outstanding landmark on the way between Market Drayton—'tis a pity that the better name Drayton-in-Hales has gone out of use—and Newport.

In the churchyard of Stokesay I noticed a classical tombstone which marks the period when Puseyism began to confuse the English language and the witness of records. A plain cross in low relief marks the pediment, and the inscription runs: "Thomas Ramell late of Acton Pigot in this County died September ivth MDCCCXLII. aged L years R.I.P."

Genuine Catholic tombstones dating from before the Emancipation may be seen in the ruins of Whiteladies (of the Pendrills and others).

Those of Whiteladies are indeed heart-moving. I was reminded of them when I saw similar tombs of the same period in the most beautiful ruins of Muckross Abbey in Ireland, in 1916. How touching is this desire of the faithful to be buried within the ruins of Catholic shrines, ruined

indeed but not insulted by Protestant services or the perjuries of "continuity." I believe that the same custom obtained at Glastonbury, witness of the same desire to sleep beneath an ancient benediction. In the last four years the adorable Sacrifice has been offered in the ruins of more than one ancient abbey, as at York in June, 1924, while the old parish churches remain given over to the heretical rites. Again at Longford, by Newport, near the ancient mortuary chapel of the Catholic Talbots, who lived there down to the end of the eighteenth century, is a tombstone of one Thomas Midelmore, of the year 1609, with a plain cross engraved on it, and a puzzlingly abbreviated Latin inscription of somewhat crude workmanship.

In the floor of the Plowden chapel at Lydbury North, which chapel still contains a pre-Reformation altar (alas! never used), are tombstones varying from the mid-seventeenth to the mid-nineteenth centuries, and again in the Blount chapel at Mamble, which is just over the Worcestershire border but belongs to a Shropshire family of stainless Catholic record.

At Mamble I copied the words on the tomb of a French refugee priest.



Hic Jacet Corpus Revi
 Petri Roberti Verjy
 Catae Ecclae Sanctae
 Qui Vitae decessit
 Anno Ætatis Suae 65
 die Julii 23^o
 1829
 R.I.P.

In the Sacristy of the Catholic Cathedral at Shrewsbury is a very striking memorial brass to Dr. William Berington, of the Shropshire branch (now extinct) of a family well-known at Little Malvern. Their name is still perpetuated by Berington House opposite the east end of St. Alkmund's Church in Shrewsbury. They also held the secluded Moat Hall in Hanwood, about four miles away. The inscription is a very fine piece of craftsmanship. Under a blue shield

with red borders charged with three white greyhounds (with red collars) courant, we read:

R.I.P.

Gulielmus Berington M.D.

Ex antiquâ in agro Salopiensi familiâ oriundus

Cunctis, quibus innotuit, flebilis occidit,

Morum autem suavitas, vitæ integritas,

et caeterae praestantis animi dotes,

perenni existimatione

vigebunt

Artem medicam—in quâ nulli secundus,

Divinâ prope benevolentia exercuit,

vixitque ut prodesset.

Diem tandem supremum ita clausit,

Ut, qui vitæ tenor fuerat,

Esset et interitus,

Februarij 2^o Anno 1766,

Ætatis 56.¹

Near by is a slab with gilt lettered Latin inscription to Father Samuel Jones, who died in 1833, shortly after the Emancipation.

D.O.M.

Samuel Jones Pastoralis munere per novem annos

Salopiae gnaviter functus obiit quinto Idus Sextilis

A.S. MDCCCXXXIII. Illi quos pie instructos sua virtute
roboraverat moerentes hoc monumentum pp.²

R.I.P.

These epitaphs brought back to my memory one I read in the old parish church of Ormskirk, in Lancashire, in the

1

" R.I.P.

William Berington M.D.

Sprung from an ancient family in the county of Shropshire departed this life deeply lamented by all who knew him. The charm of his manners, the integrity of his life, and all the other endowments of his noble spirit will live in perpetual honour.

He exercised the profession of medicine, in which he was excelled by none, with a benevolence more than human, and lived only to do good. The manner of his death was altogether in harmony with his way of life. He died February 2nd, 1766, at the age of 56."

"

" To God Holy and Supreme.

Samuel Jones, having diligently fulfilled his pastoral duties at Shrewsbury for nine years, died August 17 in the year of our salvation 1833. Those whom he instructed in piety and strengthened with his example, deeply lamenting his loss, have erected this tablet to his memory. R.I.P."

summer of 1905. On the north wall there is a brass which reads as follows:—

"Jesus Maria—God save the King.

My ancesters have been interred heare 385 yeares,
This by aunchent evidence to me appeares,
Which that all may knowe and none doe offer wrong.
It is tenne ffote broad and 4 yeards and a half longe.
Anno Domini 1661. Henry Mosock, aetatis suae 74; ad
Majorem Dei Gloriam. Richard Mosock, sculpsit."

How vividly this brings back to us the hopes that must have stirred in many a Catholic breast that the Restoration would bring better days for religion, in Ireland as well as in England. But the time was not yet. Charles II. lacked moral courage, his ambitious scheme for the conversion of England never saw the light, and instead of a Catholic England we had Titus Oates, and the blind folly that inscribed on a pew at Stoke-on-Tern, "God prosper long ye Kinge in this lande And grant that Papystrie never have ye upper hande." This sycophantic insinuation of Catholic disloyalty is seen in its true light when we reflect to whom Charles II. owed his life and his throne. How perilous was his rescue in 1651! "To which I shall add but this one circumstance," says the contemporary historian, Thomas Blount, "that it was performed by persons for the most part of that religion which has long suffered under an imputation (laid on them by some mistaken zealots) of disloyalty to their sovereign." ("Boscobel" ed. 1894, Pt. I. p. 78.)

The far-reaching hopes aroused by the Oxford Movement and Newman's conversion with others that accompanied it, have been for the most part disappointed. The powers of evil perverted the movement from a search for truth into a tradition of falsehood, a cult of purblind self-delusion. But it is a far cry from 1845; and now once again hopes are in the ascendant that the great miracle of grace may yet be destined for our country by the ineffable bounty of God. The blind self-satisfaction of power and wealth are passing away from us; we live in days which may well sober the pride that is resisted by Almighty God. "Dominion over palm and pine" has no nourishment for souls that seek God. In the pride of her noonday might our country would not listen, perhaps, in the evening of her material decline she may be glad to kneel to the only Healer of nations.

H. E. G. ROPE.

THE JOVIAL MONK

"Sir, I like my dinner!"—*Dr. Johnson.*

FROM the middle of the eighteenth century the fields of historical research have been diligently explored and historical study grown more and more specialized. One result of this has been the clearing away of the fungous growths that had obscured the original structure of Monasticism, since Reformation-broadsheets and lampoons set the first seeds. With abundance of evidence the old truths have been disclosed, winning the misinformed back to that respect for the votaries of a high ideal which centuries of bias and lamentable ignorance had hitherto suppressed. The slandered cause of Monasticism has been vindicated by the scientific historian; and the credit for this achievement must be shared by such Protestant historians as Dr. Maitland, Dr. Luard, Dr. Gairdner and Dr. Jessop no less than by the Catholic monastic apologists, Cardinal Gasquet and the Count de Montalembert.

In the light of this claim it may sound unreasonable to say that more remains to be done. I am not referring to the continued existence of a school of historians, of which Mr. G. G. Coulton is the most cultured exponent, who devote themselves to decrying Monasticism and stressing its failures: prejudice dies hard, and the glory of the Church is always to live where she was founded, in the shadow of the Cross. Monasticism will never approve itself to the "animal man," and the world naturally resents the contempt shown by those who leave it. My claim is that even the unprejudiced historian may overlook the obvious fact that monks were men, that the lofty ideal had to be realized by human beings, that, just as those who failed entirely were few, so those who succeeded perfectly were fewer still, that therefore the great majority of ascetics, despite their prayers and penances, did not altogether abandon the lawful pleasures which human life affords. The joys of art were theirs—painting, sculpture, music and the like. They were scholars, too, keen to enjoy and to create the beauties of literature. They excelled in the practical administration of affairs and knew the delights of successful cultivators. And from time to

time they found solace in the lower, but still lawful, pleasures of eating and drinking. It is in this latter regard they have been most unfairly maligned, and it may be worth while to say here a few words in their defence.

We are all of us familiar with the typical monk of the Great Protestant Tradition, as represented by many artists—a fat, jovial fellow, cowl thrown back, either in the act of landing a record-size salmon, or of looking for the bottom of a (modern) pewter, or else, sitting with uplifted carving-knife and fork before a mighty baron of beef (and that, in days when joints and big "pieces" generally were quite unknown).¹

Of course such pictures, clever and amusing enough, are caricature, the humorous exaggeration of salient features and qualities. No one but a prejudiced Puritan would judge of life by its moments of relaxation or condemn it on the score of its being over human. Even the unrepentant Publican is preferable to the self-righteous Pharisee. The mediævalists caricatured themselves and it is significant of much that mediæval satire (which was far more abundant and daring than modern) never portrayed a Spalding or a Chadband. And, as in all historical judgments, allowance must be made for the spirit of the age which few can transcend. Speaking of pre-Reformation monasticism Mr. J. S. Brewer says:—

The age was not so squeamish or so cynically critical as to demand chapter and verse for every good story; it was not so puritanical or so sour as to bear malice for a jest even when raised at its own expense. It could give and take and go to bed comfortably. Its abbots and its monks laughed, or at least its monks did if the abbot did not, without feeling that they were sacrificing its self-respect or unduly encouraging the attacks of its enemies. Monks carved images of monks in ridiculous attitudes, and men who had no intention of really maligning them gave currency to questionable anecdotes and rather coarse stories which neither they nor their hearers

¹ Art-gallery pictures of Monks at table have helped to foster the belief that our ancestors of "Merrie England" regaled themselves on plum-pudding and roast-beef. They did not. Plum-pudding is comparatively modern, dating from the Restoration period. As for roast-beef, a study of mediæval receipts, menus for big feasts, etc., of which many have come down to us, makes nothing more certain than that barons of beef, haunches of venison, joints and large "pieces" in general did not appear until the sixteenth century was well set in. (See "Good Cheer and the Decline of Feudalism," *The Month*, December, 1924.)

literally believed, or intended others should believe. For whatever may have been their faults the monks were neither a waspish nor a peevish race, nor apt easily to take offence.¹

Caricature, I have implied, builds on a basis of truth, and the monks have been caricatured as beer-tippers and wine-bibbers. The truth in this case is the fact that they had nothing to drink (excepting cold water) but beer and wine. In the middle ages the solace of tea, coffee or cocoa was unknown; distilled liquor was equally unknown; and when a man had been up since early dawn, not too warmly clad, spending hours in church and fireless cloisters he needed something a little more stimulating than Adam's ale when he sat down to dinner at half-past eleven, especially if he happened to be living (as did many of the monks) in the damp and desolate fen districts of Lincolnshire or amid the Norfolk Broads, or on the bleak, open moorlands of Yorkshire.

The caricaturist would have us believe that monks grew fat through over-eating. The truth is that few of them could have had the chance. If any were fat, well, it is common experience that the sedentary life tends to corpulence, which no amount of early rising and retiring and strenuous mental activity will effectually reduce. The earlier monks must have been too hard-worked to acquire adipose tissue. The life became more sedentary in its later stages, when communities were comparatively settled, when they had, at the cost of much toil and privation, converted the wilderness round their homes into a paradise, and when intellectual pursuits had largely superseded manual work. Those hardy pioneers afford little scope for caricature. Then the monastic system was in its "first fervour," bent on subduing nature, within and without. All must reverence its achievements, even this materialistic age which praises only material advancement. It is rather the monk of later date that needs defence.

When we turn to what is deservedly called "The Golden Age of English Monasticism," the 13th century, we witness a certain cooling of that spirit of fervour which had marked its heroic beginnings. The monastic records for this century are voluminous and detailed. An acquaintance with

¹ Pref. to "Giraldus Cambrensis," Vol. IV. p. xxxvii. Rolls Ser.

them must convince any student that eating and drinking entered largely into the thoughts of the chroniclers, and that dinner in a great abbey was an important event in the day. References to the pleasures of the table frequently crop up in these wonderfully frank diaries. Only the prejudiced and unreflecting will be shocked at this. For two reasons.

Is it not true, is it not a fact of common psychological experience that in any community-life—in a college, in a camp, on a ship, anywhere where there is discipline and routine—the importance of meals, as oases in the monotonous desert of existence, tends to be over-stressed? And that anything out of the common in the culinary line becomes still more noteworthy? To think, that, because eating and drinking bulks so largely in the chronicles, the monks were gluttons, would show ignorance of psychology.

The second consideration takes account of the manners and mentality of the times. It is the fact that a reputation for immoderate eating and drinking has clung to Englishmen for centuries. "We are justly renowned throughout the world," says a well-known modern writer, "as the one specially and almost permanently drunken nation. If we suggest that we are more sober than Frenchmen we might really just as well say that we are more musical than Germans." Our excess has long been the subject of ridicule on the part of other nations. Shakespeare witnesses to it in a familiar passage. Rabelais coined a proverb—"as drunk as an Englishman." Even the neighbouring Scots fashioned an opprobrious epithet, "pock-pudding," frequently met with in their literature,¹ to express the same unflattering opinion. In the third of "Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland" we read:—

My countrymen not only here but all over Scotland are dignified with the title of "Poke-Pudding," which according to the sense of the word among the natives signifies a glutton.

And in this matter, at any rate, it must be allowed that the English have seen themselves as others see them. Table excess has been a constant and just theme of reproach on the pens of native historians, referring especially to mediæval

¹ "These pock-pudding English swine" ("Fortunes of Nigel," ch. ii.). Cf. "Old Mortality," "Bride of Lammermoor."

times. The thirteenth century monks, therefore, lived in a gormandizing age and no doubt were affected to some extent by its atmosphere, but we can safely maintain that in these matters, as in the matters of morals generally,¹ as a body they were considerably better than their age. In monastic diet there was at this period variety and liberality; but there is little trace of prodigality or excess.² Drunkenness and gluttony one hears of very rarely indeed, and where excess is mentioned at all it is always with reprobation. That the monks sometimes fared ill is recorded in the annals of St. Alban's. A visitor to this abbey in the time of King John gave the Community after his departure the tithes of Eglingham in Northumberland, "taking compassion on the weakness of the convent's drink." And later, as the brewing did not improve, the tithes of two other places were added.³

And as for eating, we must remember that for a considerable period abstinence from meat—a severe discipline in these northern regions—was the Benedictine rule. Although it was modified later it was never entirely abandoned by the Black Monks, not even after the rise of the reformed Benedictine Congregations, the Carthusians, Cluniacs and Cistercians. Evidence is not lacking for this assertion. Let me first illustrate from Giraldus Cambrensis, a satirist vain of his smartness and unscrupulous in its use when attacking monks. He gives what is intended as an appetizing description of the cookery at St. Augustine's, Canterbury. But the various sauces and condiments he enumerates were, he tells us, not for meat but fish. The list of drinks too is a fairly humble one and excluded beer, although as Giraldus himself observes, Kentish beer was the best on the market.⁴ At St. Albans too the diet was really severe and it was an innovation there in the thirteenth century even to allow meat to the sick in the Infirmary. And it is recorded to the lasting

¹ "It is worthy of note that in the whole of the great diocese over which he [Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln] presided, and with the large number of religious houses contained within its borders, the only two instances in which he is known to have had occasion to punish anything in the nature of flagrant immorality on the part of the monks were, first, in the case of the Prior of St. Frideswyde's, and secondly, in that of the small alien priory of Minting, a cell of the abbey of Fleury. The fact speaks well for the moral tone which prevailed in the monasteries." (F. S. Stevenson, "Robert Grosseteste," ch. vii. p. 162.)

² Cf. Miss Bateson's "Mediæval England," p. 204.

³ *Gesta Mon. and S. Alb.* Vol. I. p. 321, Rolls Series.

⁴ *Gir. Cambr. "Spec. Eccles."*, ch. iv., Rolls Ser.

honour of the monks of this house that at a time when building funds were badly needed (in the reign of John the 21st Abbot), they agreed to forego their allowance of wine on festivals altogether for fifteen years.¹

Again, we are told, that at Abingdon and Evesham mutton and beef were not eaten, though bacon was and various kinds of fat. One final illustration. A diet-roll, for the year 1492, of a large and prosperous Benedictine house shows us how comparatively moderate was the monastic fare even on festivals. On Monday before Christmas Day there were placed on the refectory tables of St. Swithun's, Winchester, for general consumption at dinner and supper, dishes of moile, made from marrow and grated bread, tripe, beef, mutton, calves-feet, and one hundred and seventy eggs. The cost of this food was 8s. 4d., or about £4 in modern money. On Christmas Day itself the fare was only a little better, and cost 9s. 6d.; it consisted of vegetables, tripe, brose (*i.e.*, bread soaked in dripping), beef, mutton, stew or onion broth. These same monks on days of strict fast ate salt fish, relieved by dried figs or raisins as a "pittance" or extra, and mustard. "The charge for mustard, 1½d.", says Dean Kitchin, "runs through all the fast days; it would appear that during the time of a meagre indigestible fish diet the brethren needed something to warm and stay their poor stomachs." Moreover, it should be remembered that ordinarily where there was a choice of food the monk was supposed to confine himself to one kind. The Rule ordained that two dishes should be within reach of each diner, so that "if one cannot eat of one dish, let him eat of the other; if of neither they shall bring him something else so long as it is not a delicacy." Eggs were permitted instead of, not in addition to, meat, and the great quantity served at St. Swithun's, a fairly easy-going house, towards the end of its days, would seem to show that the large majority did not follow a flesh dietary. In the same house apples served as a "pittance" to the severe diet of Advent and Lent on three days in the week. Outside these seasons of fast cheese was provided at dinner and supper. Butter was supplied only in a limited fashion, namely on Wednesdays and Saturdays from May 1st to September 14th.

The reformed congregations of Benedictines made a point

¹ "Gesta Alb. Mon. S. Alb.", Vol. I. p. 220, Rolls' Ser.

of more rigid observance of the dietary rule. The Carthusians had no meat at any time, a rule to which they strictly adhere to this day. On one day out of seven they had only bread and water. A high festival must have been a great occasion, for then they were allowed a certain amount of fish and cheese, and a little wine diluted with water. In addition they practised long and severe fasts. The Cistercians in the matter of diet were scarcely less rigid than the sons of St. Bruno, and the modern members of the Order abate in no way the severity of the Rule.

To sum up. There is nothing in the records of monasticism in England to justify a general condemnation of the system, nothing to show that the cloistered life was not in every way a preservative against a widespread moral corruption. The specific charges of gluttony and intemperance cannot stand in view of the provisions of a Rule generally observed with fidelity at a time when contemporary indulgence was notorious. If the monastic chroniclers made the best of the meagre pleasures allowed them, it was necessarily a poor best. The Catholic monk may well have been "jovial" but the gluttonous monk is an anti-Catholic libel.

N. DOYLE.

NOTE.—The asceticism to which "religious"—monks, friars and nuns—are dedicated is a practice which has been hopelessly misunderstood and cheaply travestied by some writers. To ask what is the good of Asceticism is to be blind to the first and all-important fact that *it is*. Asceticism is one of those almost universal instincts with which there is no quarrelling; it is elemental in human nature and by no means confined to religious practices, but takes many forms. To assert, as some do, that Christian asceticism is identical with fanaticism and gloom is, over and above blasphemy to Christ who practised and bade us practise it, sheer error, for far from having "the cross, the skull and the shadow of death for its emblems" it is like all asceticism expressed only in terms of optimism and joy. On this point and the subject generally one could not do better than read what Mr. G. K. Chesterton has written in his "Twelve Types."

A WORLD OF ROCKS

THE rocks of Ploumanac'h are part of the "Côte-Rose" of pink granite that stretches along Brittany's northern sea-board. The "Côte-Rose" includes Trébeurden of the three beaches, and Port-Blanc where the English came raiding in the old days, but the wildest and strangest part of it lies between Trégastel and Perros-Guirec, and centres on Ploumanac'h. The local guide books go so far as to say that "he who has not seen the 'chaos' of rocks at Ploumanac'h has seen nothing." "Il n'a rien vu." That is putting matters strongly, but beyond question, those rocks are a strange and impressive spectacle. South Brittany, with its gay costumes and its blue sardine-nets, or Dinard with its gaiety, attract more tourists, but those who find out the charms of the less frequented "Côte-Rose" are apt to plume themselves on being the most discerning of all.

The world of the pink rocks of Ploumanac'h is best seen as a whole, from the church of Notre Dame de la Clarté. "Our Lady of Light" stands high on her hill, and looks over the whole countryside. Inland lie wide stretches of moor, marked here and there by huge granite boulders, such as the menhir of Penwern, where the symbols of the Passion are rudely painted over the older signs of prehistoric worship. There too is the great Calvary of Trégastel, and the giant figure of the "Saint Sauveur," cut out of the rock with His cross. In summer-time the heather and the gorse make the moor splendid, and the skylarks and honey-bees, and the croaking frogs in the bog pools, keep the wide windy spaces full of pleasant sound.

But the real interest of the country lies towards the sea. Westwards from La Clarté, we overlook the long coast-line, where, beside the restless glittering water, a wilderness of pink granite spreads out to right and left, a fantastic, improbable kind of scene, of huge masses piled and tumbled one upon another, as if giants had been at play with the fragments of some vast primeval chaos.

At the first glance the church of Notre Dame de la Clarté looks very much like another pink rock, tossed up highest of all by the giants, and clinging to the hillside as if it had lodged there by chance. But go closer. Step over one of the stiles in its low boundary wall, and the strange little

church opens out under one's eyes like a flower. It shows a wealth of carving, fanciful and delicate, enriching every corner, nestling round the deep porches, creeping up the graceful spire, and when the sun shines, making a fine network of vivid little purple shadows on the rose-coloured stone. The air up here has the scent of the sea in it, and white-winged gulls are always coming up from the shore to wheel and hover round the church, as if they knew that it belonged to them and to the sea, rather than to the land. For Notre Dame de la Clarté was built by a sailor's vow.

The pink coast is a terrible one for seafaring men, and to its dangers Our Lady of Light owes her church. Long ago, they say, some time in the thirteenth century, it chanced that a company of ships of the French fleet came sailing past Ploumanac'h, under the command of a Breton nobleman, the Marquis de Barac'h by name. Fog came down, thick and blinding, wrapping the whole district. Tide and current were setting right in-shore, on to the pitiless rocks. The despairing sailors could hear the roar of the breakers but could see nothing. Kneeling on the bridge of his ship, the Sieur Barac'h vowed to build a church to Our Lady's honour if her prayers aided him and his men now. And behold, suddenly, a broad, warm shaft of sunshine smote down from the hill, cleaving the blinding fog, and showing the sailors where they were. A breeze from the land came with the sunbeam, the fleet rounded the rocks and went on its way to safe anchorage. In due time the vow was fulfilled. The rose-pink granite of the rocks was cut and piled into the little church that looks like part of them, and in memory of the vow Our Lady is invoked there as "Lady of Light." Her image is surrounded with clustering tablets of "Merci," and looks down all day long, at kneeling figures of those who implore her intercession. When the sun strikes down through the rich tracery of the window, touching the white Breton caps below like a caress, it seems a reminder of how the church came into being.

Notre Dame de la Clarté presides over the hill country, but if we go down the steep, rocky road towards the sea we are soon in the domain of St. Guirec. This stretch of coast is connected with his name, from Perros-Guirec, away westwards, to Loc-Guirec in Finisterre; but his memory lives most of all at Ploumanac'h, where his bay and shrine bring pilgrims from all the neighbouring country. It is still a

primitive, simple little place, and standing in St. Guirec's Bay we see to-day, very much what the saint must have seen when first he came to the "Côte-Rose."

That was a long time ago. Early in the sixth century, they say, he came from Wales, following in the steps of St. Tugdual, an Englishman, who was Bishop of Tréquier then. And St. Tugdual sent his disciple to Ploumanac'h, to shepherd the fisher-folk among the pink rocks and to found a monastery.

St. Guirec came by sea, of course, sailing from Tréquier, past Port-Blanc and Perros, and going close under the great rock masses that stand unchanged to-day. He must have seen to the northward the seven rocky islands that stand sentinel between the "Côte-Rose" and the full force of the Atlantic. Reaching Ploumanac'h when the tide was low, he brought his boat to anchor in a small, rock-bound bay and stepped ashore where the huts of the fisher-folk were clustered together. That bay bears his name still, and a tiny pillared shrine marks the spot where his feet first touched the rocks of Ploumanac'h. Under its arched roof his image stands, looking out westwards. It is just below high water-mark, and when the tide is at the spring the waves wash round his feet. "In winter and rough weather" they dash right over him, and have done so for hundreds of years, while he stands so patiently in chasuble and mitre, looking out to sea. On the Eve of the Ascension his "pardon" brings thousands to the shrine, but all the year round there are a certain number of pilgrims to be seen. The ruins of his monastery still exist on the largest of the "Sept Isles," and the very name of Ploumanac'h (people of the monks) is a reminder of his work. But when the monastery was duly founded, he went "stepping westwards," to end his days, they say, working under St. Pol, in the Léon district.

An odd superstition hangs about that shrine of St. Guirec, a custom that comes down, probably, from times far older than those of the saint and was transferred to him in later years. Young girls who want to be married within the year, need only stick a pin in St. Guirec's nose and their wish is believed to be well on the way to fulfilment. They come in hundreds, in the summer time. The image used to be a wooden one, and admirably adapted for holding pins, so much so, that in course of time the nose was entirely worn away. The Curé of those days, not sorry, probably, to dis-

courage a custom of presumably pagan origin, removed the statue, and took it to the tiny land-church of the bay, putting it high up there, so that pin-stickers found it out of reach. A stone image was placed in the shrine, with a nose decidedly unsuited to harbour pins. But the Breton peasant is not easily diverted from his (or her) old customs. Go and look at that image to-day, when the tide is low and visitors to the shrine have been many. You will see a lump of tar where the nose should be, and before evening it bristles with pins beyond counting.

The old wooden image is now safe from these affronts, and looks benevolently down from the wall of the church on shore. It has a profound pathos, a wonderful appeal of its own, that little weather-beaten building. One climbs up by steps from the shore, to find it nestled among the rocks, the moorland turf up to its very door, the big granite boulders over-topping it. Everything about it speaks of poverty, and of the hardships and dangers of a seafaring life. Its only ornaments are votive offerings, generally miniature ships, and "Merci" is writ large all over it, that plaintive "Merci" that goes up from people who face the perils of such a sea and shore daily, and whose faith does not fail even when no "Merci" for bodily deliverance can be said. How often that happens, the inscriptions in every graveyard of the Breton coast show, though the full tale of it can only be known when the sea gives up its dead.

The comedy of the pins is found side by side with the austere pathos of the little church, and both are characteristic of Brittany, where if the people laugh it is often that they may not weep.

The people of Ploumanac'h are poor, very, very poor. On such a coast there must be much weather when fishing is impossible. The older men and the women wring a scanty harvest from the strips of land they reclaim and cultivate with painful industry, between shore and rock; here a sheaf or two of corn, there a basket of potatoes. They gather the seaweed for manure, morsel by morsel as the tides bring it in, and lead out a few goats or sheep to feed on the strips of thyme-scented turf among the boulders. It is a hard life, whether on sea or shore.

And the beauty of Ploumanac'h is made to suit with the lives of its people. It is a severe beauty of form and line, it would be a wholly austere beauty were it not for its wealth of colour. As it is, it has glory but no softness.

First, there is the amazing variety of the sea, sapphire and amethyst and emerald, and never the same for five minutes together. Then there are the great pink rocks, splashed with lichen, in orange and golden patches, and with their shadows and reflections of purple and amber. Wild thyme and heather, and the vivid gold of low-growing gorse, make the turf slopes splendid, and the lush greenness of osmundi fern, fills the rock-clefts to overflowing.

When the sun shines, Ploumanac'h is dazzling, resplendent, and most brilliant of all when wind and tide are both high. Then the Atlantic breakers go leaping up against the rocky headlands, tossing great fountains of shining, rainbowed spray into the sunshine, and running back in torrents of boiling foam. Such waves are as wonderful to hear as to see, for the water as it goes eddying among the rock piles makes strange reverberations and noises like the thunder of distant guns.

It is all tremendous and exciting in broad daylight, with sun and wind to make a world of colour and glitter. But when the dusk falls and the moon rises it is another story.

High above, half way up the hill to La Clarté, an enormous monster, amazingly like one of the grotesque "chimères" on Notre Dame, overlooks the whole scene with a kind of indulgent cynical interest. It is a sinister world that the rocks make in the moonlight, and the sounds of the sea become dreadfully like the noises of great living creatures that smack their huge lips, and stir ominously in their hidden lairs down at the water's edge. Small wonder that the Bretons have always had weird terrifying tales about the stones of their land, and been prone to superstitious fears. Not even the preaching of all their innumerable saints could cure them of the proclivity while they lived among such rocks as these.

But on the hill above, the spire of Notre Dame de la Clarté pierces up against the clearness of the moonshine, so much akin to the rocks and yet telling of other things than the fanciful fears they promote. And in the bay below, St. Guirec looks out over the glistening swell of the moon-lit water, waiting with the quiet assurance of long experience for the sunrise to flush the sky pink behind La Clarté once again, and to gild the rocks and warm the sea as it ripples up to his shrine.

H. GRIERSON.

WANTED: AN AUTHENTIC ALOYSIUS

I

ON December 31st, 1726, St. Aloysius Gonzaga and St. Stanislaus Kostka were canonized. December 31st, then, of this year, will be the bi-centenary of this event. It has been decided to celebrate it solemnly. Rome has appointed a Committee of secular and regular clergy, over which has been placed His Eminence Cardinal Pompili, Vicar of the City of Rome. It has been clearly set down that this celebration is to consist by no means of "exterior rites alone," but, of "a solid and spiritual renewal of the younger generation." The Holy Father, personally approached by His Eminence, was asked himself to indicate a general line to be followed by all, and in particular to approve that every Bishop too be approached, and be petitioned to appoint a definite person in his diocese who should concern himself in the matter. It has been confided to me, in this country, so to approach their Lordships, which I have done, and their answers have been marked with that kindness and favour which might have been expected by anyone who knows them. In some countries, Bishops have written at great length to Cardinal Pompili, and have expressed the wish themselves to be "promoted" within their respective dioceses.

But we must face facts. The task is a difficult one. It is explicitly stated that exterior pomps will not fulfil the desires of the Holy See. There is to be a true renovation of devotion on the part of young men towards St. Aloysius, and along with him, St. Stanislaus. But devotion cannot be dictated. You cannot just say to a man, let alone a young man—"Be devout." Still less can you just tell him to be devout to so and so. There must be an interior desire, an earnest "appetite." Is this general desire for the "patronage" of these two Saints likely to become general in England?

No. Not, at any rate, without a real outpouring of the Holy Spirit. To start with, St. Stanislaus Kostka is hardly known at all. And as for St. Aloysius, shall we venture to say that the ordinary young man who has ever heard of him, on the whole dislikes him? I would go so far as to say that, if one "fact" about him is known, it is, that he would not look his mother in the face, lest it should endanger his virtue. (I hasten to state, at once, that this story needs to be quite differently related, if not seriously questioned: but it remains that it is always being quoted about the Saint.) The

very name Aloysius has an unfortunate sound in our language. It has something wheezing about it: it has a mean sound: one might wish that he had become known here as Louis, or Ludovic, or even Aluigi. Or even, were Saints allowed to use their surnames, as St. Gonzaga. For there is something massive—in fact cumbrous, but still large, about that. So disastrous a misunderstanding of the Saint has become general, that it were almost possible to say of a boy that he is a "regular Aloysius," in order to convey that he is a prig and a Pharisee. A priest recently told me that he regarded "St. Aloysius" [that is, the whole mass of what concerns him, as it reaches eye and ear] to be one of the greatest deterrents from vocations. Young men feared they would be made to imitate one whom they could not even admire sincerely.

We wish to make quite clear at the outset two things. First, that we should consider ourselves guilty of the sin of sacrilege were we to seek to diminish the supernatural glory of the Saints. We consider that hardly ever do we gain so much as a momentary flash of apprehension of what Sanctity implies. God forbid, then, that we should wish to write about the Saints as if they were nothing very special after all. We confess to never writing about a Saint without first begging his pardon for doing so. If it be anything like true that a Saint might (as Blessed Robert Bellarmine thought might be true in the case of Aloysius—he even told him so) pass straight into heaven without Purgatory, who in his senses would lay his hands upon what were so much more than any Ark of God? And second: we hope to be not unworthy of a special love for St. Aloysius in particular, a love of no recent date, nor unfruitful in choices. We regard it as a most unlooked-for privilege to say or do anything whatsoever on his behalf. Finally, the end and object of this commemoration is one that appeals (if we may use that word) to us very deeply. For who can think, for one moment, of the dangers, dignity, and destiny of young men to-day, without humbling himself before the Giver of all Grace, on their account? Therefore whatever we shall say must be regarded as actuated entirely by this triple spirit.

We say, first, that the Art that sets these two Saints before our eyes is responsible for a great disaster. The Society of Jesus came into existence at a time of great artistic turmoil. Rome itself, to-day, is a baroque city. We cannot condemn baroque. We leave its defence, gladly, to Mrs.

Arthur Strong. She is fully competent. But we think that even she will confine her defence on the whole to architecture. And even, to architecture as such, and not, for example, to the progressive decoration of architecture. We do not know whether she will extend it to painting. Whether or no, to our mind the authentic inspiration soon ran out: baroque began as expressive of a great exuberance: of real vitality. Souls simply bubbled up. The arches writhed; the spires bulged and—well, bubbled. But very quickly artists began to try just to go one better than their predecessors. In a sense the very exaggerations of the seventeenth century seem to us to indicate a sense that you must not *merely* imitate, though we fear that we feel the Renaissance to be an imitative rather than a creative period. Hence angels no more triumphantly careering through the skies, but prancing, but—(please, Lewis Carroll . . .) galumphing. Hence Saints, not revealing by their calm the unfathomable peace of God, but waving arms (legs were the prerogative of those angels), and flaunting copes, and collapsing into ecstasies. There is less and less strength, and more violence: less intensity, but more hurling the self about: less canalization of the soul, but more slopping forth: less depth, in a word, but more multiplication. Now St. Stanislaus and St. Aloysius became famous, just when all this was going on.

As for St. Stanislaus, there is one picture and one only that so much as professes to be authentic. We do not know for certain what its history is, but it is so unconventional that it must surely be a portrait, made, at remotest, from memory. As a matter of fact, it is inscribed as painted in 1568, the year of his death. It is on wood, having the inscription: "V. Stanislaus Kostka soc. I.H.S. painted at Rome by Delphinus in the year 1568." It is said to be preserved in the château of St. Symphorien-d'Ozon, Isère, in the room in which V. Claude de la Colombière was born. The inscription is on the back. The Saint looks by no means seventeen years old, but more like eleven; he has black hair, which is true to the descriptions we have of him; his plump young face is manifestly meant to be high-coloured, which is also true; and he looks, if we may say so, like nothing so much as a dear little prize-fighter. It is a round head; the width from cheek-bone to cheek-bone is considerable: the nose is short and rather flat, though not "snub"; the line from forehead to jaw seems remarkably straight; the tip of the chin, no doubt, goes off to a point, but the chin from tip to

ear is terrific. The very dark eyes are extremely wide open. You would call this self-possessed but altogether alert young lad a true sportsman. Any other representation of St. Stanislaus must be without hesitation eliminated. This is no irreverence: it would be irreverent so much as to attend to them. He was not svelte: he had not yellow hair: he could not possibly have languished. Any picture or statue of St. Stanislaus ought to be made by one who takes all this into account.

St. Aloysius is a tougher proposition. His skull can still be seen, but we are not learned enough in such things to form any judgment from it: however, a rather definite type of him survived for a while, rather as did the type of SS. Peter and Paul, despite differences of detail. And we know that St. Aloysius was tall, thin, dark, and aquiline-nosed. St. Mary Magdalen de Pazzi drew a picture of him after her vision which has all the vigour and the complete lack of skill shown in a child's drawing. The hair is quite straight, cropped, but thick; the forehead very prominent; the nose sharp and aquiline, and the chin-bone enormous. Say what you will, there is here a likeness. Starting from the beginning, both his father and mother had very long and narrow heads, to judge by the oil-paintings in the chapter-house of the church of SS. Nazarius and Celsus at Castiglione. Both were on the whole lean, as Aloysius was. The noses are long, but the mother's is the more aquiline; the Marquis has on the whole the Stuart nose. Moreover, if in imagination you shave off the Marquis's moustache and small beard, the likeness (so it seems to me) to the well-known picture of an Anonym in black doublet, ruff, and sword, called St. Aloysius, is startling. It may have been noticed from the outset; and that may be why that passionate, melancholy, Hamlet came to be named "St. Aloysius." I do not know whether much can be made of the little picture of St. Aloysius, aged six, playing racquets. He has a quantity of hair, standing up on end like his father's, and a very high forehead. He is just about to serve, and the "stance" seems very good. . . . His air of intentness is excellent and of a real humour. The unfortunate boy appears to have been doomed to play in ruff, lace cuffs, metal corslet, very baggy breeches, tight hose, and buckled shoes. The statue of the Saint in the great mantle of the Knights of St. James, preserved at Uclès, in Spain, is a mere ballerino, if there are such things. Disregard it quite. A seventeenth century

painting of his First Communion by de Cairo cannot be quite negligible, since the artist has tried after portraiture, notably St. Charles Borromeo's: but that Saint's features were so well known and so marked, that the task was easy. Aloysius is shown as having a head rising high up at its crown, and with a vigorous demeanour. But there is much more likelihood of the oil painting preserved in the Royal Palace at Madrid, of Aloysius, aged fourteen, as page at the court of Philip II. being a real portrait. Unluckily even a Latin at fourteen is not fully himself. Yet already we can feel sure about his very thick black hair, cropped from now onwards, growing somewhat lower down over his high forehead than on the temples, and then down again by the ears. You can certainly foresee the aquiline nose, and that the eyebrows would certainly have remained dark but delicate, and that if once he got thin, his high cheek-bones would have caused awful hollows beneath them. (And we know that he became very thin indeed.) The chin here is so rounded, yet pointed (like a tapering egg) that the likeness to St. John Berchmans is rather disconcerting. It is, too, like St. Stanislaus's, though the great breadth of the Polish boy's face neutralizes that. I hope I am not fanciful in thinking that this young prince is meant to look self-possessed to a remarkable degree. He is extremely attentive to what is going on, but has not the slightest intention of being interfered with. I do not know when exactly the oil painting by Martin Coronas, S.J., at Manresa, in Spain, was executed: but this is the one and only picture of the Saint that has ever impressed me, and it has impressed me very deeply. He kneels at the feet of the Marquis and is saying good-bye. By now he looks quite twenty-five, or twenty for a southerner perhaps; the hair is exactly right; the terrible chin-bone and nose are there; the face is haggard but extremely calm; the eyes at last are sunken (as they must surely have become), and the spirit seems literally to be burning its way through the physical frame. Yet there is an amazing tenderness about the whole composition: and to our mind it answers all that we ask. The painting of his death, ordered by Bellarmine, appears to contain portraits of others rather than of Aloysius, though the conventional is making rapid inroads, and cherubs cavort in the air about him, or sprawl upon dense though local fogs. From now on, indeed, the conventional runs riot. Aloysius clasps or flaps his hands, doubles up in prayer, or proclaims with vast gestures that he sees heaven opened,

or that he is anguished beyond endurance by the thought of Christ's Passion. In short, the Formula triumphs. Yet even so, we think that we can get across it to some sort of reality. In the picture given by his niece, Joanna, to the sacristy of the church of St. Aloysius at Castiglione, as an inscription of 1684 records, the impossible depth of his head must surely be due to an attempt to mark how heavy was his chin. The face is almost a peasant's face. There is a marked depression across the forehead, but this is meant, I think, to indicate a melancholy wrinkle. The hair is as it should be, and the fingers of hands crossed on the breast are delicate. We will say at once that southerners naturally gesticulate more than we do, both in and out of prayer, and I expect St. Aloysius did not always keep his hands perfectly still and clasped as St. John Berchmans did. But I think that so terribly controlled a man would have provided the minimum of gesticulation, and it will have been so exceptional in him, that no picture intended to be characteristic should admit any. Were not this the only picture that gives him a broad head, we might even think it possible that his *was* broad; for Rodolfo Gonzaga, his brother (from a portrait in the college of the "Virgins of Jesus" at Castiglione) did have a tolerably broad one, unless indeed this seeming breadth is due to the young man's being decidedly stout: yet again the nose is aquiline, and the likeness to Aloysius at the age of fourteen is quite remarkable. Alter the boyish plumpness into that of a rather coarse young man, and you have it. The drawing by Brother Pozzi is at least very quiet: the characteristic features are there: but these artists *will* try to make the Saints look attractive, and to be round-cheeked would seem to be part of what attractiveness demands, at any rate from youth. Apart from this frightful element of softness, the picture that had been preserved in the Roman college and was exposed for veneration in 1605 by permission of the newly elected Paul V., is not without merit. Firm chin, large but delicate nose, high forehead, well-shaped skull, thick cropped hair, rather prominent eyes, straight lips, all are there, save that cushions of flesh under the skin blunt all the edges. Frankly, the caricature in the Saint's room in the Roman College is quite valuable: the nose here is so large as to make the top of his head seem insufficient: the chin is positively a right angle: the lips are compressed but coarse: but the face is really an ascetic's and there is an intensity about the whole figure which im-

presses. The small "miraculous" picture at Sasso hardly provides material for discussion. It remains that without any doubt his artists meant to give us a portrait: the portraiture of all the contemporary Jesuits is very good, and assuredly made no attempt to sacrifice sincerity to politeness: also, the portraits of Aloysius's family—especially of his nieces, and especially among them of the quite alarming Donna Gridonia,—*are* portraits, and even the formulas of that time were the formulas chosen for *those* people.

From this it seems to me to result that we simply have no right to put up with just any picture or statue of St. Aloysius. We could believe Aloysian art to have been inspired outright by the devil, so directly calculated is it to fill the average young Englishman, at any rate, with loathing. The drooping, plaintive figure that we know, never was his. He may have prostrated himself on altar-step or floor, but he had a strong backbone, and he did *not* droop. I don't believe that he was even graceful. We shall have plenty to say about his character later on; enough now to hint that it was uncompromising to roughness; and I doubt if such a character ever permits even a religious slouch. . . . Put him well upright, then. Moreover, his hair was black, not blond, nor even auburn. And it was quite short, both on forehead and neck. His chin did not run away, whether up towards his ears, nor in towards his neck: it was an almost right-angled chin, and prominent rather than the reverse. He was not pink and white, but dark in any case, and I very much fear must have been of that unpleasant sallowness peculiar to very dark persons when they go pale. His nose was long, but aquiline and delicate: even his brother's was, rather surprisingly, in an otherwise none too refined face, just as King Edward's was. And he was very thin indeed. May we then see the abolition of Munich and of St. Sulpice. May this bi-centenary provide us with quite new types. May no convent think to attract the devotion of its young ladies by a pretty-boy St. Aloysius: may no boys' school or college put definite obstacles in the way of its students by asking them to do homage to a youth they would—dare we say—have wanted to kick at sight. We are quite serious. The current art travesties Aloysius, and destroys devotion towards him.

The question of the Lives of the Saint then arises. We think that the big Life by Cepari is very good. (We are speaking of Aloysian lives. St. Stanislaus lived a little further back in the heroic period, and far more out of sight,

away in Poland and then under no close supervision in Vienna. Besides, St. Stanislaus is such a radiant, vibrant creature, like a dragon-fly, that it seems too cruel to pin him out on documents: St. Aloysius simply asks for that: he did it himself, and certainly his entourage made the documents keep pace with his every movement. . . .) Cepari, then, took the utmost trouble to find things out: he travelled, he questioned, he collated. And there is less trouble with his style than with that of later writers. Few contrasts are more odd than the rigid simplicity of architecture used for their churches by the early Jesuits, with the mass of complicated ornament with which those churches after a while were overlaid. Cepari writes in the good Jesuit architectural style, seeking to say exactly what he means, and almost brutally rejecting beautifications. The result is that the diagram of Aloysius stands out clearly, and our only regret is that given the style of narrative it is not yet more diagrammatic.

For there is necessarily a certain amount of interpretation, and even Father Cepari, or perhaps rather his informants, could not quite avoid the principle that all that a Saint does is done because he is saintly. A simple example. Aloysius did not like to have his valet put his stockings on for him. Why not? "Because he was so modest." Aloysius is hardly likely to have *said*, even to the valet, "I do not wish you to put my stockings on for me: I am too modest." The interpretation was the valet's, especially when someone of importance was interrogating him and seeking for incidents in the boyhood of his young master who, they hoped, might be canonized. (I may add that inevitably, in the evidence, there is a good deal of "What the Servant Said.") But I can imagine a quite different, and, I think, a more probable explanation, given Aloysius's forthright nature, not to mention his desire for an unvaleted life. He did not *like* having valets pulling him about. I remember seeing a very distinguished person about to descend one step from a platform into a large room. Quite three officials pressed up to him, showed him where it was (no one could possibly have failed to see it even had he never been in that room before), and took him by the elbows to help him down it. The personage was a very noted athlete, and a man of outstanding good sense: I can imagine him shouldering his officials off, and being desperate if he heard that this was put down to, say, his humility, rather than to his wish to stand no nonsense. As I said, I should consider it a sacrilege to try to minimize

the "supernatural" as motive for, or explanation of, any part of a Saint's life: but I should not think I was doing that if I found the supernatural rather as a diffused and dominating force in a life, rather than as a sole and adequate interpretation of every detail. Indeed, I should think still as highly of a boy who was trying to be good, and who did not always discover at once the best expression of his desire. I have known a boy who honestly did spend a lot of time in helping others in their work, even though this implied his not having time to do his own properly. When it was pointed out that he was neglecting a duty, it could be seen that he had not noticed that, but thought he was unselfishly sacrificing what was dear to him, namely, good marks with the resulting prize and praise.

We think then that in putting St. Aloysius before the eyes of boys or young men, very great care should be taken to distinguish, on their behalf, between what the Saint was seeking, and, his way of seeking it. For the former must needs be eternal, the latter suited to time and place and temperament; or not even very well suited to anything. Thus they will not feel that they are being asked impossibilities, not to say absurdities. You never will persuade a boy who changes for football that the stocking story is anything but silly, if it not only has to be interpreted in terms of modesty but recommended as edifying on its own account.

In reading even Cepari, then, one has to keep a very open eye not only upon what he was told, but upon who told it to him, and upon what element therein is "interpretation." Then we have a perfectly free hand in judging whether it was likely to be a good interpretation or not, provided always that we keep an equally open eye upon ourselves and are sure we have no latent desire to get rid of the supernatural. And personally we should be as surprised as horror-struck were we to catch ourselves out in any such state of mind. Hence, not only do we want to see the old sort of art concerning Aloysius definitely altered, but we want to see lives written in no archaic language, and containing no psychological or ethical interpretations that may not have been thought out. Then there is some chance of young men being *able* seriously to take Aloysius as model, if they *want* to. Why they should want to, must be the subject of a different discussion.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF ST. CHANTAL

CENTENARY-KEEPING is the fashion and the literary periodicals have not forgotten that the greatest of all literary ladies, Madame de Sévigné, was born in 1626. While reading the many graceful tributes paid to her memory, and especially the tribute of the "Church Times," a small, mischievous remark of Sainte-Beuve's came into the present writer's mind. It is in his *causerie* on Baron Walckenaer's voluminous "Memoires touchant la Vie et les Ecrits de Mme. de Sevigné." On Madame and her world, says the critic, on her friends and acquaintances, and the friends of her friends, thanks to the worthy Baron, "on aura tout désormais, et plus que tout." It is the way of tributes to give us "plus que tout" and certainly if Madame herself could read some of those recently dedicated to her she would pronounce them "bien excessifs" like her cousin Bussy, and oblige their enthusiastic authors "de se mettre à la raison." No, she was not a saint and her letters, with all their charm, are not the finest spiritual reading. Without making ourselves ridiculous by playing the devil's advocate and without at all questioning the splendid qualities of her soul, ought we not try to keep our heads in her company, just a little better than "le petit cadet" did, and Ménage and Fouquet and the rest of the love-struck cavaliers?

Her father was that impulsive and rather pathetic Celse-Bénigne who threw himself down on the doorstep to prevent St. Chantal's departure on the great mission which he was too young to understand. After a short stormy life of duels and adventures, he was killed fighting the English at Rochelle and left a young wife and baby girl named Marie to mourn him. At the age of seven Marie lost her mother as well. The strange thing is that in her thousands of letters she scarcely mentions either of them, and if she does it is only to give point to some little joke she has up her sleeve. Celse-Bénigne is "un père que j'avais" who wrote a laconic line of congratulation to Schomberg when that gay old warrior was promoted by Louis XIII. "Monseigneur, *qualité, la barbe noire, familiarité*, Chantal." That was how it ran and Marie provides us with the interpretation: "Vous entendez bien . . . la barbe noire comme Louis XIII. . . . Il était joli, mon père!"

Then there was Marie's uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, who undertook the heavy responsibility of her education. This dear Abbé will always be known and loved and laughed at. He is Marie's incomparable "Bien Bon," the most un-stylish of uncle's but awfully good at keeping accounts and adding up sums. Very sweet and good-humoured, he never gets angry save when "la règle de deux et deux font quatre est offensée en quelque chose." His philosophy for girls this handful of a niece says, is to be "toujours habile, comptante, calculante et supputante, car c'est tout." When she goes out for drives with him she must take something to read because he has not a witty tongue like herself and is too "occupé des beaux yeux de sa cassette." Poor Bien Bon! He did not say Mass every day and he accused himself humbly in his will "of having dishonoured and profaned his priesthood by a life too little concerned with the business which should have been its only concern." Still he was a good upright man of stainless life, and a devout soul as well, "qui pleurait abondamment toutes les fois qu'il recevait Notre Seigneur." Marie learned better things than sums at his knee, but she learned the sums too, and so well that she grew afraid lest avarice, "cette vilaine bête," should get the mastery over her. She became a thoroughly methodical little lady, not at all averse from the unromantic occupation of making pennies grow into pounds. Blue blood even, which was such a great matter in her day, was once nearly sacrificed to money, as she thought for a while of marrying her son to a girl "un peu juive de son estoc," but whose millions were "de bonne maison" right enough!

The Bien Bon had a nephew in the house too, whom Marie with her fondness for the adjective "small," christened "le petit Coulanges," and "le petit Coulanges" this delightful boy remained for her up to the end. He was a playmate after her own heart, a frolicsome, sunny-souled, generous, little fellow, who liked and was liked by everybody. But he had his weak spot, "notre petit Coulanges." He knew about it himself and used to call it his *gaudeamus*, which in English means a too great fondness for conviviality. "Né pour le superflu," he said he was, and Marie who loved him all through life had not unseldom to play the "mother confessor" and touch up his "mauvaise petite conscience." But it must be admitted she made a very poor sort of spiritual director. To be quite plain, though she was good and pure

herself, she does not seem to have had any deep-rooted horror of sensual sins. She is flippanant about them. Madame de Coulanges, for instance, once gave a "très joli souper," to which only gouty guests were invited. Marie, then getting old, was there "en consideration du rhumatisme que j'eus," and "le petit," the husband of the hostess got in on the plea that by rights he should have had the gout a long time ago! A month afterwards and he was properly qualified. "Coulanges a la goutte comme un petit débauché," writes Marie. "Il cri, il souffre, il ne dort point; mais tout cela se fait comme pour rire; il ne souffre pas même ses douleurs sérieusement."

Madame de Sévigné had a genius for friendship but alas, most of her friends were like Coulanges, "petits débauchés," and she did not seem to mind the least bit. We know that the handsome scamp, cousin Bussy, attributed her own virtue to "froideur," and Gaston Boissier, in his beautifully balanced account of her, believes that Bussy's cynical pen for once wrote the truth. She herself explained the victories laughingly as being the result of the all-absorbing love which she bore towards her son, Charles, and her daughter, Françoise-Marguerite. Passions are like fishes, she said, the big ones gobble up the little ones. Charles, her "little playfellow," possessed, she tells us proudly, those "petites vertus qui font l'agrément de la société," and was the best of doctors, "pour chasser les pensers gris-bruns." Well, Charles, as soon as he left her apron-strings, went straight to the devil. Even Paris, the Paris of Louis Quatorze, was mildly shocked at his excesses, and his doting mamma had nothing but some terribly inappropriate *bons mots* by way of remonstrance. "Mon fils n'était point fou par la tête, c'est par le coeur" she said, as if the second sort of folly did not matter very much. "His feelings are all true and all false, all cold and all afire, all rogues and all upright gentlemen. *Nous rimes fort de tout cela.*" In similar circumstances St. Jane Frances cried till her heart almost broke for sorrow. *Ils sont bien excessifs, les Saints!*

The story of the Marquise's love for her daughter is the most wonderful of all love stories, full of such exquisite things as, "La bise de Grignan me fait mal a votre poitrine" and "je n'ose pas lire vos lettres de peur de les avoir lues." But the correspondence was not always on that perfect level, and Madame could write, "On ne me fera jamais croire

qu'on n'aime point sa fille *quand elle est jolie*." So the pretty face of Françoise-Marguerite had something to do with this epic of selfless devotion, and we are tempted to ask if she had been a plain girl would her mother have lost her heart so completely? She dreamed about the child day and night, and even hints with gay recklessness that her darling was more than a match for "le bon Dieu" when it came to saying one's prayers! "Vous voyez bien cette femme-là," said Coulanges, "elle est toujours en présence de sa fille." Magnificent, but not Christianity.

Madame de Sévigné's husband was a relative of Cardinal de Retz, the patron of Frondeurs and Jansenists. Through him she made the acquaintance of Port Royal and its exotic people who are always referred to in her letters as "mes amis." Very soon she turns theologian and is deep in St. Augustine, St. John Chrysostom, Pascal, and Nicole. We may guess that her studies were not quite so independent as she would have us imagine. "Messieurs" from the Abbey doubtless gave a little help, and so it was that she reached the identical conclusions of Jansenius and Saint Cyran. Her daughter's tastes were for philosophy and this troubled Madame, who could not understand anyone wasting time on such a prosy old fellow as "votre père Descartes." The girl retaliated with an onslaught on her mother's theology, for which she received a lecture with more laughs in it than the dear lady intended:

As for what St. Augustine says, I have no answer to you except that I listen and hear him tell me five hundred times in a single book that all depends in the Apostle's words "not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth but of God that sheweth mercy on whom He will." Reading this book the question jumps to my mind: How would God be able to judge men if the wills they had, were not free? To tell you the truth, I cannot solve this riddle and I am quite content to leave it a mystery. Since free will is powerless to put salvation within our reach, since we must always be dependent on God, I am not bothering to look for any further light on this point. . . . Just for once, my dear child, put your nose a little into St. Augustine's book on the Predestination of the Saints, and the other one, the Gift of Perseverance. It is a very small book and it settles everything. You will see there how the Popes and the

Councils refer to this Father, whom they call the Doctor of Grace, and you will find also letters of Saints Prosper and Hilary mentioning the difficulties of certain priests of Marseilles who talk exactly as you do. They are called semi-pelagians. Read what St. Augustine says and repeats a hundred times in answer to these letters. Yesterday I came upon the eleventh chapter of the Gift of Perseverance. Read it and read the whole book because it is not long. That is where I got my errors from; I am not alone in them, let me tell you, and that is some consolation.

Madame de Grignan apparently showed signs of interest at last, to her mother's great delight:

So you are reading St. Paul and St. Augustine. Ah, here we have fine artisans of God's sovereignty. They attempt to strike no bargains but say out plainly that God disposes of His creatures, as a potter of his pots. Some He chooses and some He rejects. No pretty compliments do they trouble to make for the saving of God's justice because there is no other justice but His will which is justice itself and the only rule. After all, what does God owe men? Nothing in the world. He does them no injustice then when He abandons them on account of original sin which is at the bottom of everything, and it is His mercy that saves the few who are saved through His Son. Jesus Christ Himself says: I know My sheep, I Myself will feed them, I shall not lose one of them; I know them and they know Me. I find a thousand passages in this style and I understand them all. When I light on something contradictory I say to myself, this is only a popular way of putting the doctrine, as when the sacred writers speak of God repenting or being angry. They are talking to men and so I hold tight on to this first great truth, the divinest of truths, which shows me God as God, as a Master, as the Sovereign Creator and Author of the universe, as your father Descartes' all-perfect Being. These then are my little thoughts, and you see, they are full of respect. I do not draw any silly consequences from them and they leave me my hope of being found in the number of the predestinate, a hope of which the many graces I have received are the promises and guarantee. ("Lettres," Ed. Monmerqué, t. vi., pp. 477, 487, 523—524.)

Here then we have our "petite janseniste" who used to find great compensation on rainy days in the enjoyment of "Les Provinciales." Her theology of divine Providence has the same definiteness and assured airs. God intervenes directly in every tiny detail of daily history and second causes are "autant de mains qui exécutent sa volonté." She will speak of the future only "en tâtonnant" with every verb towing a "peut-être" in its wake. What is to be, is to be, and what was to be, has been. The cannon which killed her warm admirer and well-loved friend, Turenne, "était chargé de toute éternité" ("Lettres," iv. 10). Her daughter writes that the old Bishop of Evreux has been trampled to death by his horses, and she says in answer, "je vois Dieu qui tourne les volontés de ce bonhomme d'une manière extraordinaire, pour le conduire à être massacré et déchiré, et tiré enfin à quatre chevaux . . . on voit la destinée . . . il faut qu'il périsse, il faut qu'il soit déchiré, il faut que MM. de Grignan en profitent. Ma fille, je parlerais d'ici à demain" ("Lettres," vii. 67). The optimism of Malebranche annoyed her a little, and she wanted to ask this "Père Païen," whether, if somebody broke his head, that too would be "dans la règle!" When she speaks of her own sufferings, the Grand Inquisitor himself would fall at her feet, fatalism and everything else forgotten. "I embrace you, darling, and the Count and the little ones," she writes to Mme. de Grignan. "God keep you all perfectly. I have been nine weeks now without a pair of hands. They don't bleed us in this part of the world for rheumatics. God sets His thermometer according to the cloak we wear and of all the ailments to which I was open I got just the one which is least dangerous and most painful; just the one to take the conceit out of me and give me the heart of a chicken. Sufferings, my dear, would make me run a hundred miles to keep out of their way" ("Lettres," iv. 382). In another letter she writes: "My father used to say that he loved God, when he was feeling nice and happy. Il me semble que je suis sa fille." Dear Madame! No mystic assuredly but such a humble, lovable lady all the same. We cannot put her on a pedestal as the paragon of wise mothers and she is "un peu mondaine," for a halo but that need not prevent us being inspired by the royal kindness of her heart. "People don't have their vices and virtues in sets," said Mrs. Hushabye in the play. "They have them anyhow; all mixed." Madame de Sévigné was like that and there is no use pretending otherwise.

Her virtue of virtues was friendship. For forty years she and Madame de la Fayette were on terms of closest intimacy. That famous lady was by no means an easy person to get on with, yet the letters tell us, "jamais nous n'avons eu le moindre nuage dans notre amitié." Madame de Sévigné's loyal love appears in its full magnificence when her friends are in trouble. The wretched cousin Bussy, languishing in exile from Paris for a scandalous book in which Madame herself was pilloried, has nothing but her forgiving kindness to console him. She writes to him as regular as the clock, gives him all the gossip for which he hungered, and cheers him with her wit and encouragement. Fouquet, the great minister of finance, falls from power and is in danger of the scaffold. He was her friend in the days of his social and political triumphs, and now in the eclipse he is her "cher malheureux." She attends every session of the interminable trial in an agony of suspense, and when at last she hears that he is not to die, she weeps for gladness and her spirits "sautent aux nues." However, let us too be permitted to keep our heads like Fouquet. When a wretched fiddler was broken on the wheel at Rennes, Madame made a joke about the event.

Very charming is the story of her life at the country house in Brittany, called "Les Rochers." "J'ai besoin de dormir, j'ai besoin de me rafraîchir, j'ai besoin de me taire," she would say sometimes, and that meant "j'ai besoin des Rochers." There was a lovely old garden there full of jasmine and orange flowers, and beyond it a well-wooded park with charming avenues through the trees. One avenue was called "l'Infinie," because she could not see to the end of it, and another was nick-named by Charles "l'Humeur de ma Mère," because it was such a sunny, smiling thoroughfare. Then there was the very silent, and rather solemn walk. It was old "père Descartes" who inspired its name, "L'Humeur de ma fille!" Here too Madame is "toujours Madame." "J'aime nos Bretons," she writes to her daughter; "ils sentent un peu le vin mais votre fleur d'oranger ne cache pas de si bons coeurs." A charming neighbour and his delightfully comic wife, "la divine du Plessis," appear on the scene, and Madame, in spite of her suffering, gets the greatest fun out of them. M. du Plessis, for instance, was good enough to walk into one of the Bien Bon's canals on the estate, and his "nauffrage" nearly cured her of her rheumatism! One letter gives us the order of the day at Les

Rochers: "We get up at eight and very often I take a stroll in the woods till the bell sounds for Mass at nine. After Mass we get dressed and say 'good-morning' to one another. Then there are orange flowers to be plucked and a dinner to be eaten. When this is over we work or read till five o'clock. At five I wander off to my dear avenues with books under my arm, one of devotion or one of history, turn about. . . . Un peu rêver à Dieu, à sa providence, posséder son âme, songer à l'avenir, enfin, sur les huit heures, j'entends une cloche, c'est le souper."

Madame's religion is a very real part of her life now. Her daughter wants to know if she is very pious, and she answers, "ma bonne, hélas! non, dont je suis très fâchée." Still she feels that she is becoming just a little bit detached, "de ce qui s'appelle le monde." She says that there is nothing in the world she desires more "que d'être dévote," but admits humbly that though her reason is perfectly convinced "mon coeur n'est pas touché comme je le voudrais, et cet état nous fait sentir le besoin que nous avons de la grâce du Seigneur" ("Lettres," ix. 447). St. Vincent de Paul said that we ought to love God "bonnement, rondement, simplement," and that was the way Madame tried to love Him. Her piety was of a very simple kind but she had nothing of the Protestant in her all the same. She liked prayers to be short and gives us a lovely example of what she means: "Mon Dieu, faites-moi la grâce de n'aimer que les biens que le temps amène et qu'il ne peut ôter." Processions afforded her much pleasure but she is sceptical when told of the miracles which a solitary in Provence was supposed to be working: "Je trouve plaisants les miracles de votre solitaire," she writes to her daughter; "j'en doute fort, puisqu'il les croit." A good sermon was accounted a great treat. "Je suis entêtée du P. Bourdaloue," she says. The "petit Coulanges" paid a visit to Rome and told her that he was nearly shocked out of his faith by what he saw there, whereupon she read him a splendid little lesson in apologetics. She does not go to Holy Communion often, but when she does go, it is with the greatest reverence and piety. "On ne s'aurait trop s'y préparer," she says. Charles asked her once how on earth she managed to pass the abstinence days, which were to him so intolerable. "My son," was the answer, "I eat my bread and butter and I sing." Here we must leave her because, like Predestination, she is an inexhaustible subject and—*je parlerais d'ici à demain.*

J. BRODRICK.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

CATHOLIC POLAND.

AS the claim of Poland to a permanent seat on the Council of the League of Nations, which, for reasons adduced later on, seems to us, not in any sense inconsiderate, but merely inopportune, is sure to be much discussed, we think our readers will be glad to have a summary view of the character and condition of that great State, which eight years ago was merely an historical memory, but which—one of the happy results of the Great War—has now risen again from the grave, as a nation of 28 million people, fifth of the European States in point of size and sixth in that of population. It is not a well-defined geographical entity: its boundaries were much larger than at present before the first Partition in 1772, and much smaller when it was reconstituted in 1815: its unity depends more upon racial sentiment than upon clearly-marked natural divisions from other States. Yet, as in many other European countries, racial minorities form a grave problem for Poland. She has about ten million non-Poles within her frontiers, 34% of her whole population—6,200,000 White Russians and Ukrainians to the East, 900,000 Germans to the West, and, scattered through all her towns, a non-assimilated, financially-powerful, anti-Polish Jewish element, nearly three million strong. In religion, the population is more homogeneous, about 76 % of the whole being Catholic, as most of the Ukrainians are united to Rome.

Because of post-war disturbances and uncertainties, it was only in August last year that a Concordat with the Holy See came into force, definitely establishing ecclesiastical affairs, the relations of Church and State, the number and limits of dioceses, etc. Of these latter there are now 21 of the Latin rite in the country, three Oriental Uniate and one Armenian. The Latin Sees are grievously under-staffed at present, the whole number of secular priests in the country being 7,370, about one for each 2,500 of the faithful. Nor are they as yet much helped by the regular clergy who under Prussian and Russian rule became almost extinct, and were not very numerous in the Austrian province. However, there are a fair number of teaching Orders, both of men and women, including many which do not wear the religious habit. It is calculated that there are from 12,000 to 15,000 nuns in the country. The Oriental rite, with 2,600 secular priests, is provided for more satisfactorily.

The anti-Catholic persecution set on foot in 1865 by Russia in that province of Poland under her rule had resulted in the general sequestration of the goods of the Church. With the advent of her own Catholic Government, it was natural that Poland should be asked by the Holy See to see that restitution was made. The Government has recognized the right of the Church to hold property and, under the Concordat, has engaged to continue the annual subventions to the clergy, paid by the usurping Powers, and to restore a definite proportion of landed property. The Agrarian Laws, passed in 1919-20, prescribe the limits of private estates and allow of no large ones, whether in clerical or lay hands; hence, the extent of restitution of Church territory falls under their restrictions.

The restored Poland inherited from the three dispossessed Governments a vast variety of ecclesiastical laws, all tending to hamper the Church's activities and keep her in undue bondage to the State. The first purely Polish Government was socialistic, and actually passed a law separating Church and State, but subsequent legislation has followed quite another course. The relations between the two powers are now regulated by the Concordat with Rome, mentioned above, which allows the Polish Church full liberty of self-government and of intercourse with the Papacy. The clergy are exempt from military service, and the Holy See is free to appoint Bishops, having first made sure that the President of the Republic has no objection of a political nature to any particular prelate.

Although at first an attempt was made to establish the abomination known as the lay-school, the good sense and religious spirit of the Catholic deputies insisted on the recognition of religion as an essential element in all forms of education, primary or secondary, State-controlled or in private hands. Church authorities and religious orders are at liberty to found schools of every kind. In 1922-23 the educational statistics were as follows:

	Public	Teachers	Scholars	Private	Teachers	Scholars
<i>Primary</i>	26,653	57,611	3,132,074	731	2,892	76,278
<i>Secondary</i>	261	c.1,000	100,109	526	c.1,100	120,747
<i>Training Colleges</i>	163	2,099	21,349			

There are six universities, one of which—that of Lublin—is entirely Catholic, whilst another, at Warsaw, is "liberal" in tendency, although it has an Orthodox theological faculty attached to it.

Under the old Prussian regime, civil marriage was obligatory and divorce permitted: in Austrian Poland also civil marriage was recognized: in the Russian province the canon law was generally observed. All this chaotic legislation has now to be revised and a single marriage-code established for the whole country.

A commission is at work on the subject, but whether it will have the courage to adhere to the Catholic marriage-law, and proscribe civil marriage and divorce, in face of the reclamations of the few but noisy "liberals," remains to be seen.

Poland is an agricultural country with an immense variety of geographical features. Great tracts of forest and moorland extend to the north: the centre contains wide and fertile plains. There are lofty mountain ranges and plateaux, and, along the Baltic, extensive marshes. Only in Silesia is industry much developed. The customs, language, occupations and level of culture, social and political, of the inhabitants are therefore very diversified, and we are not surprised that there is as yet little unity in social endeavour among Catholics. About 65 % of the population are on the land, and agriculturists are proverbially individualistic. Other workers are enrolled in a "Polish Socialist Party," somewhat infected with Jew-propagated communism, in the "Workers' National Party," which is not professedly Christian, and in the "Christian Democracy," founded on the lines of Pope Leo's Encyclical. It is to be hoped that, once the mass of the workers, who are good Catholics, understand the attitude of the Church on social matters, they will range themselves definitely with the Christian Democrats rather than with the Socialists. The peasants are not as yet well organized, and, although not hostile to religion, are somewhat under "liberal" influences.

There is need in Poland of a highly educated Catholic laity which shall be keen for the advancement of the Faith. The education is there, but the zeal is somewhat lacking. Religion which is hereditary and traditional tends to become formal. One looks to the various Sodalities, University Associations, Catholic-Youth Societies to remedy this defect and to establish, above all, a vigorous and genuinely Catholic press.

It will be seen that this ancient people, so providentially restored to national independence, is still in the throes of reorganization. Considering what it did in 1920, when by an extraordinary military effort, known nationally as "The Miracle of the Vistula," it stemmed the tide of Bolshevik invasion, and brought the Soviets to terms, we must regard Poland as the bulwark of Christian civilization against the neo-Paganism of the East, and the hopes and prayers of all Catholics will unite to support its growth in unity, strength and prosperity.

J.U.

OLD ST. PANCRAS.

SITUATED in a crowded industrial district and hemmed in by railway-lines and goods-yards, the small old Church of St. Pancras, with the remains of its churchyard, now converted into a public garden, attracts but little attention and is probably seldom visited by dwellers in other places.

The fact that the churchyard was the favourite burial place for Catholics of the upper classes, as well as for the clergy, who died in London during the first two centuries after the Reformation, seems even in danger of being forgotten. A few notes on its history may therefore be worth putting together.

The Manor of St. Pancras was a prebend belonging to the Chapter of St. Paul's at the time of the Domesday Survey and still remains so. The parish was extensive, stretching from the north of Holborn and Bloomsbury to Hampstead, Highgate, and Finchley, a district now covered by houses, but down to the end of the eighteenth century well outside the town.

The old church, which has been replaced as a parish church since 1822 by the new building in Euston Road, was always small, and down to 1848 was able to seat only some hundred and twenty people. It is said to date from the eleventh century and to have been partly Norman, but mostly early English in style, and still contains portions of the original structure. A sedilia covered over with plaster was discovered in 1888 and can now be seen. It consisted of a chancel and nave, and at the west end was a tower with a short shingle spire, which after 1750 was replaced by a sort of dome. This tower was taken down in 1848, when the nave was lengthened, the stones being used for the new work. At the same date a gallery was placed round three sides of the nave. The church, which was again restored in 1888, is dark, and at the present day looks poor and badly in need of repainting, but is otherwise well kept.

A tablet on the east wall of the nave to John Lawson, Esq., of Brough Hall, Yorkshire, with its inscription ending "Requiescat in Pace," at once attracts the eye of a Catholic. It is dated 1791.

It is with the churchyard we are now chiefly concerned, and of this a small portion only remains. Approached by steps from St. Pancras Road, it is now laid out in turf and flowerbeds, intersected by paths, and altogether forms a pleasing spot in the midst of drab surroundings. But only a part belongs to old St. Pancras. In 1803 a cemetery for the use of the parish of St. Giles'-in-the-Fields was enclosed on adjoining ground, and when both yards were closed in 1850 the dividing wall was taken down. Then about 1863 the Midland Railway Company was allowed to cut through the graveyards to reach

the site of its terminus, and later on of its Goods Depot. These encroachments continued to about 1889. This action, however, caused much public protest, and the remaining portions were handed over to the Vestry of St. Pancras as an open space in 1877. When the Borough of St. Pancras was formed it passed under the control of the Borough Council. Many of the coffins were removed and re-interred elsewhere when the railway was made, and most of the headstones are now gathered in masses in flower-beds, rather after the manner of a rock garden, but some larger monuments remain in situ and some inscriptions are still legible. But most have been obliterated by the passage of time and the climate of London. Fortunately a number of inscriptions had been copied by a resident in the parish, Mr. F. T. Cansick, and were published in 1869, many of the leading Catholics of the day subscribing towards the expense of publication. These and the monuments in the church itself extend back to the reign of Charles II., and contain abundant evidence of the burial of Catholics in all ranks of life. That in the church to Thomas Doughty, who died August 16, 1664, aged 39, is about the earliest recorded. The inscription was in Latin and the stone was marked by a small cross.

On the tablet to Samuel Cooper, the miniature painter (died May 5, 1672, aged 63), and to his wife (died August 24, 1693, aged 70), the letters C.A.P.D. are added, as well as the cross. Of course this was the only religious symbol possible, but the "Requiescat in Pace" seems to have been openly permitted from the beginning of the eighteenth century.

For the next hundred years the names of old Catholic families are frequent, some of them having vaults, like the Doughtys. Arundell, Constable, Selby, Howard, Gerard and numerous others occur among the laity, while three Vicars-Apostolic of the London District, B. Gifford, B. Petre and Douglass, found their last resting-place here.

In a vault, not now distinguishable, are buried the Right Rev. Bonaventure Gifford, Vicar-Apostolic of the London District from 1703 to 1734, who died at the age of 92, and his brother Andrew, who had been nominated Vicar of the Western District, but who declined the preferment and died in 1714. The inscription was in Latin and the episcopal dignity indicated by initials E.M.V.

It must be said, however, that we cannot be quite sure that all the inscriptions are quite contemporary, since Lysons states that the Latin one to Abraham Woodhead, who wrote in defence of Catholicism and died in 1678, was originally much shorter and had only his initials in it.

In 1779, soon after the passing of the first Relief Act, a Jesuit priest, the Rev. Edward Galloway, aged 73, was buried and the

letters S.J. placed after his name. The foregoing surely suffice to show the traditional Catholic association.

But why this obscure suburban spot was so chosen is less easy to explain. Protestant writers (beginning with Sir W. Davenant in a play temp. Charles II.) have been quoted as alluding to the fact.

Dr. Johnson had been told it was because some Catholics had been burned there in the reign of Elizabeth: a tradition that St. Pancras was the last church near London where Mass was said has also been mentioned. But neither of these conjectures has support from Catholic sources. Even in Catholic times the place had no particular history, and in the fourteenth century the hamlet appears to have decayed, while Norden in 1585 described the church as standing deserted with few buildings near it and as only used for burials. These, too, were not so numerous for another century and a half. The place had a bad reputation as the resort of thieves and bad characters of all sorts.

Lying close to the park of Marylebone and St. John's Wood, where James I. could hunt a stag in 1624, the character of the district changed slowly and the church was still in the least populous part in 1795, when Lysons wrote and stated that "almost every tomb exhibits a cross and the initials R.I.P. ('Requiescat in Pace'), which initials, or others analogous to them, are always placed by the Catholics upon their sepulchral monuments." This was before the burial of any of the *émigré* French clergy could have had any effect. Even then the districts of Kentish Town, Camden Town and Somerstown were rapidly spreading and the tide of building has ever since continued to rise till it has swept away every vestige of the former surroundings of old St. Pancras.

L. FITZGERALD.

SOME NOTES ON ANTIQUATED PENALTIES.

COMPLAINT was made during a recent trial that the Statute of the Realm regulating the case was antiquated. The term is relative, and applied in this instance to the closing years of the eighteenth century. It recalls, however, the extreme severity of certain legal measures in vogue two and three hundred years ago, since tempered by a wise and considered judgment.

From the earliest days the shame incurred by publicity played a conspicuous part in the punishment of miscreants. The weapon of the Press, as we know it now, being non-existent, or at least restricted, measures were chosen which would expose the persons convicted of smaller crimes or misdemeanours to disgrace and

derision in the locality where they were best known. Thus, the village scold was led through the streets wearing the brank or "gossip's bridle" on her head, an object of contempt, and subjected to the jeers of the crowd. As for the stocks, a writer on obsolete punishment says: "No village was considered to be complete, or even worthy of the name of village, without its stocks; so essential to due order and government were they deemed to be."

The most famous instrument of chastisement is the pillory, and its history, interwoven with tragedy and comedy, is of interest and importance. In England, its use is first recorded in the reign of Edward III. It consists of a wooden post and frame, fixed on a platform raised several feet from the ground. The head and hands of the culprit are thrust through holes in the frame (as are the feet in the stocks), so as to be held fast, and exposed in front of it. In common with most methods of reform the pillory had its use and its abuse. It was intended originally to mark off the offender as a person to be avoided by all creditable men; but in course of time the spectators practically took the law into their own hands, and then ensued such scenes as were a disgrace to any civilized nation. It was no unusual circumstance for the delinquents to be killed on the pillory by the pelting to which they were subjected by a furious mob. Dead cats, rats, rotten eggs, dirt of every description were hurled at their defenceless heads, and although in custody of the law, they received not the slightest security or protection.

It was a common custom, in years gone by, to place in the pillory authors and publishers who presumed to write against the reigning monarch, or on religious or political subjects which were not in accord with the opinions of those in power. They were often nailed by the ears to the wood, and when ready to be set at liberty, the ears would frequently be cut off and left on the post.

In 1704, Daniel Defoe was tried at the Old Bailey, fined 200 marks, ordered to appear three times in the pillory, and to remain in prison during the Queen's pleasure, for having written a satire against the Church party, duly termed "a scandalous and seditious pamphlet." He fared well at the hands of the crowd, however, who suspended garlands from the pillory and pelted him with flowers.

A case of interest to Catholics is that of Edward Floyd, a barrister, and steward in Shropshire to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and to the Earl of Suffolk, in the reign of James I. It came to the knowledge of those in authority that Edward Floyd, when a prisoner in the Fleet, had used some slighting remarks about the Elector Palatine and his wife (daughter to James I.). The words were as follows: "I have heard that Prague is taken, and

that Goodman Palsgrave and Goodwife Palsgrave have taken to their heels, and run away: and as I have heard, Goodwife Palsgrave is taken prisoner."

The Attorney General charged Floyd with High Presumption, viz.:

1. For rejoicing at the losses to the King's daughter and her children.
2. For discouraging of others which bear good affection unto them.
3. For speaking basely of them.
4. For taking upon him to judge of the rights of Kingdoms. (Howell's State Trials, Vol. II.)

Hallam, in his Constitutional History, Vol. I., p. 359, says: "It appeared in aggravation that he was a Roman Catholic."

Sir Edwin Sandys in the House of Commons stated that: "The root of this man's malice was ill affection to religion, and consequently to the State." He further advises: "In the Sentence not to meddle with his Religion, for that would make him be canonized." Floyd was condemned by the House of Commons; he appealed to the King, and was arraigned before the House of Lords, who increased the severity of his sentence. This ran as follows: To be degraded from the estate of a gentleman; his testimony not to be received; to be set on a horse with his face to the horse's tail, holding the tail in his hand, with papers on his head and breast declaring his offence. To stand in the pillory in three different places, with his ears nailed, for two hours each time. To be whipped at the cart's tail. To be branded on the forehead with the letter K. To be fined £5,000. To be imprisoned in Newgate for life. (Howell's State Trials, Vol. II.) It was afterwards decided that Floyd, being a gentleman, should not have his ears nailed; and on the intercession of Prince Charles the whipping was remitted, but he seems to have undergone the rest of the monstrous sentence.

When Floyd was branded in Cheapside he declared he would have given £1,000 to be hanged in order that he might be a martyr in so good a cause.

Some months later, on the petition of Joane, his wife, the Lords ordered his trunk and writings to be delivered up to her, the clerk first taking out "such popish beads and popish books" as were therein. It is stated in the Dict. Nat. Biog. that Mr. Floyd may be the person whose death is thus recorded by Smyth: "July 1648, Mr. Fludd (an honest recusant) my old acquaintance, about this time died."

Hallam, in his Constitutional History, writes: "There is surely no instance in the annals of our own, and hardly of any

civilized country, where a trifling offence, if it were one, has been visited with such outrageous cruelty."

Statesmen were divided in opinion regarding the pillory; Lord Mansfield, Pitt and Burke dissuaded the Government from its too frequent use. The famous Lord Thurlow was eloquent for its preservation. In 1812, Lord Ellenborough sentenced a blasphemer to the pillory for two hours once a month for eighteen months. It was finally abolished by Act of Parliament in 1837.

So much for antiquated legislation. The personal degradation of the pillory is past, and prisoners are now assured consideration and adequate protection. Blasphemy and sedition still rear their heads, but they are bridled in gentler fashion. We can but hope that the present humane system of punishment will better achieve the result desired.

P. A. B.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

Need of Work for Peace.

A modern democracy much resembles the fabled Thucydidean pig, being "a difficult animal to drive, very." The task is complicated by the Party System and the Press. As a result of the Party System the country may be governed, as at present in England, by the representatives of a minority of the voters, and the Government consequently fail to secure the confidence of the whole people. And the popular press, that great safeguard of liberty if free and honest, that potent instrument of disunion if venal and unprincipled and irresponsible,—how little, in effect, does it help the cause of good government. It is either nakedly partisan or follows the whims of its millionaire owners, and it exercises an unwholesome influence on the uneducated masses who cannot detect its errors or discount its exaggerations. It is just as likely to hinder as to help wise legislation, to distort as to further prudent policies. And if this be true in domestic affairs it is much more true in international dealings. The sensational national press of Europe, reflecting the passions and voicing the selfishness of various racial units, is the greatest hindrance to European peace. If the measure of international good will, confidence and co-operation painfully achieved at Locarno seems to be evaporating, it is the jingoistic press of the various countries concerned that is to blame, more than the hesitancy and vacillation of the politicians. Lovers of peace in France, for instance, must be aghast at the brutal cynicism where-with certain of their papers deride the aims of Locarno, and scoff at the possibility of peace and understanding with Germany—an

un-Christian spirit, inspired or reflected by the German militarist organs. The Fascist press in Italy, again, is as crudely bellicose as the most materialistic of Prussians, and though that bastard patriotism does not find such ready expression amongst ourselves, we have many writers who are doing their evil best to perpetuate international animosities and to throw Europe back again into its precarious pre-war state. Owing to the indifference and irresponsibility of the press, which claims to represent the nation uttering its thoughts, there is little sign of that laborious and concerted effort by which alone the foundations of peace can be laid. Men ridicule and misrepresent the League of Nations, without giving a thought to devising an alternative barrier against war, or, with even less Christian pessimism, maintain that war between nations is inevitable. Those who do not so despair of Christianity have not yet realized that they are called upon for constant and vigorous exertion, if public opinion is to be pulled out of the grooves of tradition and directed into a more sane and righteous course. There is more need than ever for the combination of all the European societies, which have the maintenance of peace and justice as their object, to expose continually the fallacies and frauds upon which is based international warfare.

**Germany
and the League
Council.**

The Locarno Treaties, bringing security to the West and paving the way to peace in Eastern Europe, come into force only when Germany has joined the League of Nations. The Council has summoned an extraordinary meeting of both Council and Assembly for March 8th to consider Germany's application. Nothing is said directly on the agenda about the assigning to Germany of a permanent seat on the Council, but one item regards "proposals to be made by the Council concerning the application of Article Four of the Covenant." This Article provides for the addition, "with the approval of the Assembly," of other permanent members of the Council as well as for the increase of the number of non-permanent members. It goes without saying that Germany will be admitted and will take the place due to her on the Council along with the other Great Powers. From the first, in the constitution of the League, a clear distinction has been drawn between the Great and Lesser Powers, corresponding to the magnitude of their interests and resources, and the consequent degree of their responsibility for the efficiency of the League—a distinction founded on justice. The Great Powers are France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Russia, and the United States, which excel the rest (except China) in area, population and wealth. If China were united, well-organized and at peace, its claim to be a Great Power could hardly be

disputed. Of the rest, none approach so near as Brazil (pop. 30 million), Poland (pop. 28 million), and Spain (pop. 21 million), to the distinction of being classed amongst the great. It is natural enough, therefore, that they should take occasion of the addition of Germany to the Council to press their own claims to permanent seats thereon. Spain and Brazil, be it noted, are at present non-permanent members, and could veto any permanent addition to the Council. France, it is understood, favours the claims of Poland, whilst this country has expressed no opinion. Yet judging from the press, there seems to be a general impression here that to enlarge the Council on Germany's entry by a departure from the old distinction between the Great and Lesser Powers would be contrary to the spirit, if not of the letter, of Locarno, the more so that advocates of the inclusion of the new claimants support them on the express policy of counter-balancing Germany's vote. This would be to introduce into the League Council the old evil spirit of partial and secret alliances, the very bane of pre-war diplomacy. We trust, therefore, that on March 8th Germany alone will be given a permanent seat on the Council. This intimate association of the chief ex-enemy Power with the peace organization framed to obviate future wars is an event of such moment, a reversal of policy so complete, that nothing should be permitted to mar its effect; least of all should there be any suspicion that the confidence and good will which are the soul of the new order are to be denied to the German Republic.

**An
attempt to rouse
Bigotry.**

We yield to none in our desire that Poland, once her three divisions have been really welded together and her racial minorities brought by just treatment to be content with her citizenship, should so prosper as to take her place by right amongst the Great Powers. She forms the bulwark of Christian culture on the Muscovite frontier. The peace of Europe will largely depend upon her stability and on her finding a satisfactory *modus vivendi* with Germany. No doubt the "Danzig Corridor" which gives her free access to the Baltic was the best compromise that the Versailles politicians were able to effect, but few can regard the separation of East Prussia from the Reich as a desirable or permanent arrangement. We have only to imagine a similar dismemberment of France or Belgium or England to see how intolerable the Germans must feel it. That, and a number of other frontier adjustments will doubtless be discussed between the two Powers in the future, but already provision is made in the Covenant for a temporary seat on the Council for those States whose interests are for the moment under debate. Whilst agreeing, therefore, in the present inopportune of Poland's claim, we protest in the strongest possible manner against the appeal to

religious bigotry made by Professor Butler of Cambridge in a letter to *The Times* (February 17th). Mr. Butler deprecates the inclusion of Spain and Poland on the ground that Protestant opinion, here and in America, would resent "the permanent representation on the Council of two States in whose politics Roman Catholic influence plays so dominant a part." The offensive insinuation in this invocation of prejudice will be found all the more uncalled for, when we realize that the cause of international peace can never thoroughly prosper without the support of the international Church, and that as it is the sympathies of Catholics tend to be alienated from the League by its persistent refusal to recognize in the Papacy the most potent instrument for universal harmony. The Professor does no service to the cause he pretends to have at heart by this unworthy attempt to raise the bogey of "Roman Catholic influence."

**Italy and the
Trentino.**

We had hoped that the "mailed fist" as a diplomatic weapon had become obsolete with the obsolescence of the militaristic Kaiser, but unfortunately it was much in evidence in a speech delivered by the Italian Prime Minister in defence of his policy of Italianizing the Trentino. It may be that the peculiar nature of his tenure of power demands the use of violent language, since his followers might interpret courtesy and restraint as an exhibition of weakness. And it seems certain that some foolish German acts and utterances might be urged in excuse, if not in justification, of his heroics. But they form a sad reversal to an evil practice of brag and bluster, too common amongst politicians before and during the war, the only effect of which was to make real discussion and adjustment of claims much more difficult. We have often pointed out that the unjust treatment of racial minorities is the chief danger to peace in post-war Europe. The Versailles statesmen in their hasty recasting of the European map created a minority problem in almost every State. Germany, Poland, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Greece, Turkey, Serbia—all include within their political boundaries large communities belonging racially to other nations. Conscious of that danger, the Allied Powers negotiated no less than ten treaties whereby these various minorities were guaranteed their rights under the protection of the League of Nations. The Guarantee has not proved very effective. Nearly every State, in a vain attempt to produce national homogeneity, is coercing its minorities in various ways. It is an ill-advised, reactionary and uncivilized policy. National unity does not require national uniformity. It is a nuisance, no doubt, to have variations of language and of culture in a single State, but the inconvenience does not justify the denial of elementary rights to those who

through no fault of their own and against their will find themselves united with a race not their own. The ethnographical remnant on the Upper Adige, as S. Mussolini scornfully calls them, are doubtless Italian citizens, but as such have ordinary citizen rights to their own language and schools.

**Italy and
Nationalism.**

We have no sympathy with the attacks on the Italian Government engineered in the press by those whose Parliamentary ineptitude it has overthrown or by those whose subversive tendencies it has sternly suppressed. But, in going to the other extreme of exaggerated nationalism, and making a god of country,¹ there is clearly a danger to European peace. It should be possible to be a patriot without being a jingo, possible also to hold and apply one theory of government without forbidding the expression of any other. A nation which is always boasting about its power and its achievements, of its pre-eminence and self-sufficiency, of its great past and greater future, of its sensitive honour and its readiness to fight, creates just the same disgust and ridicule as do snobbery and self-complacency in the individual. There are few nations free from this reproach, but nowadays it is not considered good form to parade publicly these unamiable traits of national egotism. And so the judicious grieve when the spokesman of a great nation like Italy openly takes Machiavelli for his guide and preaches on every occasion the gospel of force. Other States cannot but be apprehensive of the policy of a ruler who violently stifles even the legitimate criticism of his domestic opponents,² and speaks of Fascist Italy as if there were and should be no other. Tyrants can always produce harmony—for a time. *Silentium faciunt, unanimitem appellant.* But one who denies civic rights to his fellow-countrymen is not likely to be scrupulous about the rights of other nations.

**Past Pledges
to
Europe.**

Italy under her present Government does not promise to be a useful member of the League of Nations, especially if any other State chooses to exercise its "friendly right" (as provided for in Article 11 of the Covenant) to call attention to her conduct in the Tyrol. Europe remembers the pledges given by responsible Italian ministers, on the strength of which the treaty of St.

¹ This impiety has actually been committed in "Il Catechismo del Balilla," composed by an unfrocked priest and widely disseminated, a blasphemous parody of the Catholic catechism, where Italy everywhere takes the place of God.

² This has gone so far that several Fascist newspapers openly advocate the assassination of those Italian exiles who dare in England or elsewhere to criticise Fascism.

German with Austria was signed, and they should not be forgotten in Italy. Signor Titttoni said:

The peoples of different race who are annexed to Italy must know that all idea of oppression or of denationalization is absolutely foreign to us, that their language and their civilization will be respected, and that their executive officials will enjoy all the rights deriving from our liberal and democratic legislation.

And in answer to the criticisms of the draft Treaty, made by the Austrian delegation, the Allied and Associated Powers gave this very definite assurance (September 2, 1919):

It results from the very clear declaration made by the President of the Council of the Italian Ministers to the Parliament at Rome that the Italian Government proposes to adopt a broadly liberal policy towards its new subjects of German race in what concerns their language, culture, and economic interests.

It is true that Fascism boasts of being "revolutionary, anti-liberal and anti-democratic," but a change of Government cannot absolve Italy from the solemn pledges to Europe made in her name by her representatives. And of course it is equally blame-worthy on the part of Austria or Germany to interfere secretly with the Italian administration of the Tyrol. Whether or not the frontier of the Brenner has been "traced by the unerring finger of God," as S. Mussolini asserts, it forms at present the division traced by the public law of Europe.

Further postponement of Armament reduction.

If we quote S. Mussolini again it is because his utterances so aptly express the mentality of those to whom the world war has brought no enlightenment and who still think that security can be won and peace maintained by unbridled competition in armaments. Speaking on the Army Reform Bill on January 29th the Italian Prime Minister said:

We wish all the armed forces of the nation to be in a state of full material and moral efficiency. We wish for peace. I went, and I would return, to Locarno, but while words of peace flash on the horizon I cannot avoid noticing that the skies are filling with prodigious flying machines and the seas with new naval war units. Our surest peace, like that of the Paradise of Islam, lies in the shadow of the sword.

As a general indictment of the conduct of the Great Powers since the Armistice these words strike home: S. Mussolini is only describing the mockery of the lip-service paid by the nations to the cause of international peace. Instead of pressing for-

ward plans for universal disarmament which would have the immediate effect of relieving every State of an enormous financial strain, and instead of, in the meantime, calling a halt to all new expenditure, the European nations clearly show that their reliance is still upon their own personal strength, not upon their common will for the common good. The British income-taxpayer is paying 2s. in the £ extra because of British armaments, the cost of which is 50 % greater than before the war. And other countries less financially strong are even more heavily burdened, and are mortgaging future prosperity by sacrificing to the Moloch of military power. Although the negotiations for disarmament, which should have begun at Geneva on February 15th, were to be merely a Preparatory Commission to arrange for a Conference, this apparently has seemed too wildly precipitate to five members of the League, who have applied for, and obtained, a postponement. This step is ominous of the spirit in which some of the Powers are approaching this most momentous question whereon depends the future peace of the world. They want to delay still further a measure long overdue. However, they may meet a nemesis, for nothing is more certain than that when Germany joins the League she will, and justly, insist either that all European armaments are reduced to the proportions established in her own case, or that she be left free to arm on the scale she sees around her. The logic of Locarno, if it points to anything at all, indicates that. It is unthinkable that a member of the Council should remain in a state of permanent inequality in regard to the rest.

**Security
through
Disarmament.**

The Versailles Treaty declares (Part V.) that the disarmament of Germany was insisted on "in order to render possible the initiation of a general limitation of the armaments of all nations." Let those who proclaim the sanctity of the Treaty remember that undertaking. In no better way can security be obtained than by destroying the means of aggression. Were all armaments, except what was necessary for international police work, suddenly abolished at this moment, no State would any longer go in fear of another, and one of the chief causes of human misery would disappear. Were they halved or quartered, corresponding benefits would ensue. But alas! day by day, and week by week, the nationalist Press in every State is preaching increase of armaments. The nation must excel in this or that branch: other nations are disproportionately strong: to pause in the race would be to fall hopelessly behind; security lies in force, and so on and so forth, and meanwhile the dumb driven democracy, the "cannon fodder" of the future war and crushed under the burden of the past, raises no protest. The various

associations for the promotion of peace meet annually and pass resolutions, but feeble and intermittent efforts of the kind make no headway against the constant, organized war propaganda of the jingo press. Writers like that cynical militarist, M. André Géraud ("Pertinax" of *L'Echo de Paris*) have their counterpart in every nation, and show diabolical cleverness in keeping alive racial hostility. The cause of peace needs to be far more energetically supported than it is by those overwhelming multitudes, who stand to lose so much and to gain so little by war. The League of Nations Union in this country has reached a membership of over half a million, it has notable men for Presidents and a painstaking staff. Yet, not commanding the press, it makes singularly little impression on public opinion. There is not a single newspaper of weight that consistently and intelligently advocates peace, keeping before its readers the general folly and futility of war, the duty of international charity, the limits of patriotism. The politicians are doubtless eager to establish international harmony, but no Government dares to cease preparing for, and thereby provoking, war, until all agree to do so. Will the Disarmament Conference, in which happily both Russia and the United States mean to take part, succeed? Not unless the public conscience in each several State demands that, even at this late date of the world's history, the reign of law shall be established internationally. A step in the right direction has been taken by the recent somewhat reluctant and qualified adhesion of the United States to the Protocol of the International Court of Justice, set up by the League of Nations in 1920.

International Debts.

The question of international debts would be much simplified if regarded from a purely business standpoint. The fact is that several of our foreign debtors are practically bankrupt and can only pay us so much in the pound. We presume that, if there were any reasonable hope of the full amount being ultimately paid, no composition would be agreed upon, for when a State cancels or remits part of a foreign debt, it is equivalently taxing its own nationals. For the loan we made to Italy, for instance, we pay an additional 6d. in the £ income tax, and similarly for the six hundred millions owed us by France. To equal what we are paying America yearly on their account, both countries should, for the next sixty years or so, pay us annually about twenty million pounds each, whereas Italy will pay only four millions and France about twelve (the negotiations have not been definitely concluded). Although these two nations could probably pay more, the gain to European commercial stability from fixed debt settlements and to European friendship from some show of generosity may be reckoned to offset our financial loss.

At the same time the intelligent citizen who takes so little interest in the doings of his Government, especially in regard to foreign affairs, needs to be constantly reminded that taxation¹ in this country averages £15 18s. per head, whereas in France it is £6 18s. 2d., and in Italy £3 6s. 11d., and, in his wonderment that France, reputed a rich and prosperous nation, should not be able to balance its Budget, it may help him to reflect that, according to M. Dumesnil in the French Chamber, the English income tax in 1923-4 yielded £329,000,000, and the French only £35,000,000, an indication, not of the relative wealth of the two countries, but of the less efficient tax-assessing methods of the latter.²

Steel Houses.

Considering the abominations of the slums, the injury to morals, health and social order due to the scandalous overcrowding of many of the workers in our great cities and even in the country-side, we are amazed that municipal carelessness, trade-union rules, employers' interests or personal animosities should be allowed to stand in the way of an immediate and drastic remedy—the provision of houses and yet more houses for the poorer classes, embodying at least the minimum requirements of comfort and decency. It seems incredible that people should object to the emptying of the warrens of the poor into the cheap but comparatively spacious and healthy accommodation provided by the various types of steel houses, on the ground of their material or their workmanship or the character of the capitalists that construct them. A three-roomed steel house with its own culinary and other offices must needs seem a palace to the dweller in a congested tenement, where one room must serve, perhaps more than one family, for all purposes. What matter if they prove colder in winter and hotter in summer than brick or stone houses: they are at least an escape from worse than bestial degradation. The Government, taking courage in both hands, has set about, in spite of local authorities and in defiance of the building-trade, the erection of 2,000 steel-houses in Scotland—a mere drop, to be sure, in the ocean of the country's needs, but at any rate a beginning which is full of hope. It has the support of those Labour members who have a wider vision than their own material interests, and of those poor "toads under the harrow"—the unfortunate slum-dwellers themselves. Mr. E. R. Mitchell, Labour M.P. for Paisley, in supporting the Government, gave

¹ "Statesman's Year Book," 1924.

² The 64th Inland Revenue Report discloses that there are 630 persons in this country with incomes ranging from £50,000 to 100,000 a year, and 72,385 whose income exceeds £2,000. In France, if we believe M. Dumesnil, only 30,000 acknowledge incomes of over £800, and only 10,000 incomes exceed £1,600. We have the gravest doubts about the correctness of these latter assessments.

an account of the disease to be cured which showed the impossibility of any reasonable opposition. Out of Scotland's whole population of 4,886,000, 400,000 live in single-rooms and nearly 2,000,000 in two-roomed houses. In other words, half the population of that fairly prosperous country have never known what it is to have a three-roomed house with a bath, hot-water and other conveniences, such as the cheapest of the new houses provide. In Glasgow, which Mr. Mitchell calls "the pioneer of municipal enterprise," only 400,000 out of its million inhabitants have more than two rooms to dwell in. These facts have been known for decades, but it needed a visit of the Prime Minister to the slums of Glasgow to bring them home to the Government, and the result is this appropriation of £200,000 to provide 2,000 houses—an amount which, unless regarded as a first instalment, seems but trifling with the emergency, and which, singularly enough, is exactly equal to what, with remarkable lack of the sense of proportion, the Cabinet was proposing to spend on new sports' grounds for the Civil Service!

**Food
Frauds.**

There was a certain appropriateness in the announcement of a revival of that medicinal fasting regime which had a certain vogue in pre-war days, hard upon the revelations made by the Food Council regarding the presence and extent of fraud in the provision-trade. In the abstinence practised at Champneys House (Herts), where a number of people are undergoing—and enjoying—a complete fast, lasting in some cases for nearly a month, the consumer has an easy means of revenge on the fraudulent profiteer. He need only cease to consume. The fasters, one and all, declare themselves better and stronger for their giving up eating, and there can be little doubt that the regime is economical. But we fear that remedy will be practised only by the few: the many must look to the law for protection. So long as trade is conducted for profit rather than for service it is clear that the sale of articles of universal necessity affords the widest field for dishonesty, and that the existence of dishonesty, even on a moderate scale, exposes the conscientious trader to unfair competition. The Council makes a number of proposals which if they become laws will afford some guarantee that the community are having full weight and measure. But, after all, religion, disclosing spiritual sanctions, is the surest safeguard for the consumer; religion taught in the schools, respected in the press and honoured in public life. Penal laws are a poor substitute for conscience. And large trading concerns, like other corporations, have neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be damned.

**Prohibition
not
Christian.**

We have always thought that the Prohibition Amendment indicated more than any other moral phenomenon in the United States the all but total disappearance amidst that vast community of the sane Church tradition which still influences Europe. Outside the Church, like wolves outside the sheep-fold, prowl the gaunt moral heresies to which unguided human nature is so easy a prey. Mahommedanism prohibiting wine, Manichæism prohibiting marriage, Puritanism condemning pleasure in general, Humanitarianism ignoring the supernatural—find victims on every side amongst unguarded non-Catholics. Faced with the extreme of indulgence expressed in the manifold abuses of the liquor-saloon,¹ the only remedy which Puritan America could devise was total abolition, and the anti-saloon zealots were able, by choosing the occasion of the War and enlisting the support of various material interests, to force upon that heterogeneous but largely un-Christian population the law of Mahomet. Emerging from the welter of statistics, for and against, the conclusion seems clear that the law, not being an ordinance according to reason and therefore not approving itself to the citizen, is a failure, productive no doubt of some good, for in its effects enforced sobriety is the same as voluntary, but, on the whole, gravely injurious to the cause of temperance and to respect for justice. It is significant that those most opposed to its repeal are the rum-runners and boot-leggers who make their fortunes by evading it. Both State and Federal Governments spend enormous sums in trying to enforce the law: according to a *Times* correspondent (February 8th) about 20 million pounds annually; and yet "in no large centre of population is the law more than a derision. It is easier to obtain liquor in New York or Chicago at any hour of the day than in London during the hours of restriction."

**Reaction against
Prohibition
in U.S.A.**

Outside the ranks of the fanatics and the smugglers, it is possible to detect a growing reaction against the Volstead Act. The Christian tradition is not wholly extinct. The "Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America," a strongly Prohibitionist body, appointed a Commission to report on the law which, called upon to bless, has hardly refrained from banning it. It concludes that unless public opinion suffers a sweeping change in favour of the law, "nothing can prevent the eventual nullification of the National Prohibition Act." The Temperance Society of the Episcopal Church has determined to work for the modification of the Act, so as to exempt beer

¹ Even before Prohibition, the great Catholic society called the Knights of Columbus which is so potent a force for good in the States laid down a law that no person connected with the liquor traffic could be a member.

and light wines from its force, on the grounds that prohibition (1) is causing the stoppage of temperance teaching; (2) has resulted in increased drinking among young people; (3) has discouraged the consumption of wines and beer and has encouraged demands for distilled liquors which were mostly poisonous; (4) has brought about disrespect for all laws; (5) is class legislation discriminating in favour of the rich; (6) has caused an increase in intemperance. Catholics in the States for the most part have opposed Prohibition as a drastic curtailment of human liberty unwarranted by the occasion. They have been able to point for a solution of the problem to Canada, where, after different experiments, the State has succeeded in controlling the liquor-traffic and that without infringing the reasonable liberty of the citizen. And the attitude of the Church has latterly been clearly defined by Cardinal O'Connell, in a statement of which we have seen only a brief summary, but which represents his Eminence as declaring that "compulsory Prohibition is flatly opposed to Holy Writ and Catholic tradition." We trust that under all this guidance American public opinion will come to realize that the Eighteenth Amendment, and the Volstead Act implementing it, are legislation *ultra vires*, to be obeyed externally when public order and edification demand it, but not calling for submission and interior assent.

**British
Liquor
Smugglers.**

We may hold these views and yet sympathize with an appeal sent to this country by an American "Citizens' Committee of One Thousand," protesting against the smuggling of

strong drink into the United States by British subjects. We cannot see what justification can be offered for this attempt on the part of foreigners to nullify the laws of a friendly country. We may think those laws wrong, but it is not our business to over-set them, especially when the motive does not rise above the sordid desire to make money. During the last six months of 1925, out of 24 foreign vessels caught smuggling liquor into the States 20 were British. But the difficulty of guarding the coast is such that these captures represent a mere fraction of those vessels which successfully run the blockade. The trade is immensely lucrative, and can well afford occasional losses. But its existence is a standing menace to the harmony of our relations with the States, and we can well understand even anti-Prohibitionist Americans resenting it.

**Sterilization
of
the Unfit.**

The absence of the Catholic moral tradition is not so marked in Europe where the civilization derived from Christian Rome lingers, even in communities now separated from her.

But how precariously we have constant proofs. The campaign

in favour of Birth Control, in which Anglican dignitaries are not ashamed to take part, is one of the most significant, and it has a natural sequel in the later advocacy, by prominent medical men, of a similar abomination—the compulsory sterilization of the mentally deficient. From that to the advocating of the killing of the useless and decrepit is a short step and, indeed, it has already been taken by some eugenists. Once the physical welfare of Society or any such merely mundane end is proposed as the highest aim in life, then a great variety of things appear desirable which are at present forbidden by the law of God. In several of the States of the American Union, Indiana for instance, sterilization laws are on the statute-book, although in some cases of appeal the Supreme Court has pronounced them to be unconstitutional. The Church has always condemned, not only suicide, but also any serious mutilation of the body, if unnecessary for intrinsic reasons, as an infringement of God's rights, and so long as society can be protected otherwise, as, for instance, by segregation, she condemns sterilization. Some eugenists, like the scientific Bishop Barnes, would extend the operation to all the unfit—a notable exhibition of the fate that awaits elementary human rights, once God's rights, embodied in the moral law, are ignored.

Madame Blavatsky. Apropos of the paper in our January issue on Madame Blavatsky, we have received several angry letters from Theosophists, indignant that the character of the founder of their Society should be criticized unfavourably, although the criticism was based mainly on her own admissions and the testimony of intimate associates. We were asked why we did not try to refute Theosophy itself instead of emphasizing the frailties of its high priestess. We were told alternatively that nothing we could say would injure "the cause" in the slightest degree, as its source would discredit the strongest attack. And very much to the same amiable effect. We may reply in general that what the Catholic Church thinks of Theosophy can be found in many accessible sources, as in Father Hull's and Father Martindale's brochures published by the Catholic Truth Society and in Mr. S. Morison's "Some Fruits of Theosophy" (Harding and More). Moreover, it is obvious that the character of the founder must be part of the criteria of any form of religion that appeals for man's acceptance. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the soundest of rules. The founder or revealer must be supposed to exhibit the practical effects of the doctrines he recommends. None of those who complain that Madame Blavatsky has been misrepresented has taken the trouble to point out the errors alleged. And the boast of one correspondent—that "Roman Catholics" are to be found amongst the adherents of Theosophy—only illustrates

the well-known fact that people may still call themselves Catholics although they have lost the faith.

**Indecent
Literature in
Ireland.**

What a gifted writer in the October *Dublin* happily calls "The Liffey School of English Literature"—all aliens to Ireland's faith—has done not a little to reproduce in its writing the mephitic odours of that famous stream. There is not one of the five he names—and they have many less-talented satellites—to whom many offences, both gross and subtle, against religion and decency cannot be brought home. It does not surprise us, therefore, to learn that the Free State has set up a Commission "to consider a report whether it is necessary or advisable, in the interests of public morality, to extend the existing powers of the State to prohibit or restrict the sale and circulation of printed matter." It is manifestly the duty of the public authority to repress public obscenity, and one of the ways in which obscenity becomes public is by being published. The free-thinkers—"the Liffey School" amongst them—will, of course, impede, harass and ridicule this Commission by every means in their power, for it may suggest legislation which would take away their livelihood. But from the discussions that have preceded this Commission, we rather think that the authorities have mainly the newspaper press in view, and particularly that section of it which comes from overseas. Still, they can hardly exclude fiction in book form from its scope, and this means the exercise of a moral censorship, the working of which it will be most interesting to observe. Of course, the most effective check on pornography is a sane and healthy public opinion: and, as in all such questions of prohibition, the law cannot go far ahead of the average conscience. In Catholic Ireland, by dint of clear exposition of the individual responsibility for thought as well as for act, such opinion should not be difficult to create or revive or develop. Parental responsibility in the case of children under age: individual responsibility always: for only religion with its sanctions can effectively oppose the animal trend of human nature. The Irish Bishops in their Lenten pastorals, this year and last, have not disguised the lowering of moral tone which the war and ancillary troubles have brought about amongst their flocks. Before the war, there were citizen Vigilance Committees in Limerick and other Irish towns, which dealt very drastically with imported filth. We do not know whether these organizations have survived: perhaps their originators are now holding their hands in expectation of the State acting on their behalf. They will look for something practical and effective. Lest the movement should be thought to be due to the "puritan spirit" of Ireland—the charge is sure to be made, although puritanism does not exist there—let it be remembered that, as long ago as August,

1923, under the auspices of the League of Nations and at the invitation of the French Government, which also may be styled non-puritan, an International Convention for the suppression of the circulation and traffic in obscene publications was held at Geneva, and its salutary recommendations were signed by forty-three States.

**The Duty of
the Individual
Conscience.**

Much of the work of the Irish Commission will consist in establishing certain legal definitions, especially the meaning of the phrase, "obscene publications." There are varieties and degrees of obscenity, but a people whose past record in this matter is deservedly high has a right to have a fairly strict standard enforced. Indeed, it is to be wished that Catholics everywhere would consider what in this respect is due to their faith. One is sometimes appalled to hear what laxity people who think themselves conscientious have come to practise in this question of reading. And would that it stopped there, but, alas! there are Catholics who, with frightful levity, disgrace their profession by producing books which both Catholics and non-Catholics cannot but blush to read. The name of a militant French Royalist springs to one's mind in this connection, but unfortunately we have lately had to deplore similar lapses nearer home. It is incredible that a genuine Catholic should be so ignorant of the moral law or so careless of the consequences of his acts as to issue writings which cannot fail to be a source of moral corruption to many of his readers of this and future generations—incredible, if it were not the fact. God our Lord suffered and died to save souls, yet these devil's agents do not scruple to nullify His work. Well might our Lord denounce the scandal-monger, the murderer of souls. Yet even His terrible words do not seem to frighten the pornographer, once he is thoroughly possessed by an impure spirit. The unbeliever who sins in this way may be partially excused because of his unbelief, but what pretext can the Catholic put forth for fostering and spreading immorality of the kind? For the sake of the good name of the Church and to mitigate the scandal, all Catholics should be keen to express their abhorrence of such conduct.

As a guide to their deliberations and an indication of what Irish Catholics expect of them, it is to be hoped that the Dublin Commission will read an admirable article in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for February of last year, entitled "Indecent Literature: some Legal Remedies": in fact, we should be glad to see it published by the C.T.S. as a potent means of stimulating the public conscience. Its author, Father R. S. Devane, S.J., not only traces the character and extent of the evil, but sums up under four heads the appropriate remedies, several of them already in use in various States. As Protestants in Ireland are at one with their Catholic fellow-citizens as to such matters as the right-

ness of religious education and the wrongness of divorce, so we do not doubt that in this also they will tolerate no lower standard. The Commission, the membership of which embraces three Catholics and two Protestants, have now a golden opportunity of declaring in this important matter the mind of a Christian State.

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Baptisms, Validity of non-Catholic [J. P. Donovan, C.M., in *Ecclesiastical Review*, February, 1926, p. 168].

Catholic unity in faith and freedom outside [*Tablet*, February 27, 1926, p. 281].

Priesthood, Qualifications for the [C. Bruehl, D.D., in *Homiletic Review*, February, 1926, p. 447].

Temporal Power of the Pope, Nature of [A. Gille, S.J., in *Glasgow Observer*, February 20, 1926].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Barnes, Bishop, advocate of sterilization [H. Robbins in *Catholic Times*, February 26, 1926, p. 11].

Bible, Growing disbelief of Protestants in the [*Tablet*, February 20, 1926, p. 245].

Carmelites, Slanders against, refuted [*Glasgow Observer*, February 6, 13, 20, 1926].

Free Church Modernists [*Tablet*, February 27, 1926, p. 278].

Malines Conversations: their ante-type condemned by Rome in 1864 [*Universe*, February 26, 1926, p. 10].

Monastic Asceticism English [N. Doyle, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1926, p. 213].

National Apostasy: the State without God [*Bulletin de la Fédération Catholique*, February, 1926, p. 6].

Prohibition anti-Christian in theory and practice [*Commonweal*, February 17, 1926, p. 393].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Aloysius, wanted: An authentic [C. C. Martindale, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1926, p. 225].

Banking-System, Austrian Bishops condemn abuse of [*Catholic Times*, February 26, 1926, p. 13].

Charity, The Catholic Church and organized [Rev. J. R. MacDonald in *Ecclesiastical Review*, February, 1926, p. 113].

Clergy and laity: their respective roles [J. Guillon in *Review Apologetique*, February 1, 1926, p. 539].

De Sévigné, Madame, Tercentenary of [J. Brodrick, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1926, p. 234].

Fathers, The, as educational literature [P. de Labriolle in *Revue des Jeunes*, January 25, 1926, p. 139].

Mercier, Cardinal [Yves de la Brière in *Etudes*, February 20, 1926, p. 385].

Mercier and Thomism [F. J. Sheen in *Commonweal*, February 10, 1926, p. 372].

Philippines, Religious Condition of the [Archbishop O'Doherty in *Ecclesiastical Review*, February, 1926, p. 129].

State Education: Fraud and Fallacy of "l'Ecole Unique" [*Bulletin de la Fédération Catholique*, February, 1926, p. 11].

"Stations", The, of the Roman Missal [P. de Puncit, O.S.B., in *La Vie et les Arts Liturgiques*, March, 1926, p. 209].

Wages and Justice [J. B. Kraus, S.J., in *Month*, March, 1926, p. 193].

REVIEWS

I—A GREAT PRELATE¹

DOM BUTLER expresses some surprise that while other eminent Catholic leaders have had their biographies, that of Bishop Ullathorne should not yet have been written. Perhaps the cause of the omission was the publishing, soon after his death, of his autobiography and a volume of letters; readers of thirty years ago will remember the interest they roused at the time. In any case, now that the work is done, and so well done, we may call the omission a *jelix culpa*; for in matter of fact none of the biographies we know could have been so well selected with which to close the series of the great ecclesiastics of the Catholic Revival. Indeed, the life of Ullathorne, more than that of any of the others, could hardly have been adequately written except as a chapter in the history of the Church in England. More than any of them, more even than Wiseman, he represented the old Catholic stock which had survived the penal laws; more than any he was its spokesman; the effect of the new forces on him, and the way he accepted some and rejected others, was typical of their acceptance or rejection by Catholic England in general. In Ullathorne, more perhaps than in any other man of his time, one may judge of the merits and demerits, the strength and the weakness of both the men and the controversies which made the age of the Emancipation.

Ullathorne was a great character, an original mind; he was a holy man, a devoted religious, a zealous bishop; he worked indefatigably, and while he worked he wrote much; his interests were many, he took part in great movements; no other bishop of his day had so romantic a career, as his fascinating autobiography proves; nevertheless, as Dom Butler proves, the real greatness of the Bishop of Birmingham rests not so much on what he did himself as in the part he played in the lives of perhaps greater men around him. This is why the "Life" inevitably becomes a history; in it the reader will find mature conclusions on troubles that vexed the lives of Ward, and Manning, and Newman, and Vaughan, and others. In consequence there are painful pages; here and there, by emphasizing the hard facts, the author may seem to draw his portraits too dark; where he does, he would ask the reader to find a corrective in other biographies. If this has been necessary, it is a pity; for we do not think that the Church

¹ *The Life and Times of Bishop Ullathorne, 1806—1889.* By Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Two vols. Pp. ix. 368, 331. Price, 25s.

of the Victorian Age was on the whole a clouded one. It was a Second Spring, and it proved itself worthy of the name.

Still, this perhaps unavoidable shadow apart, the work is powerfully and soberly done. Dom Butler has incorporated the MSS. of the work which Mgr. Ward was unable to conclude; it is therefore a continuation of the latter's valuable history. And as for the manner in which it has been done, Ullathorne has indeed fallen into good hands.

2—THREE BOOKS ON SPIRITUALISM¹

ALTHOUGH we require nothing to convince us that Spiritualism, especially in the form in which it is presented to the public at large—the public which is not in a position to pick and choose in its selection of so-called mediums—is riddled with imposture, still we cannot but think it a tactical blunder for Christian apologists to harp so persistently upon this note. If it is all fraud or sleight of hand, the Catholic is tempted to say, I do not see what harm it can do if I, who am satisfied that it is a pure fake, go to a séance in a spirit of curiosity to try to expose the trickery. On the other hand, the convinced Spiritualist who has come across real phenomena will simply shrug his shoulders at this form of attack, and repeat once more that the Churches are continually banning what they have never investigated and do not understand. It is no doubt true that many of those who most warmly espouse the cause of the mediums have been convinced by evidence which in itself is quite inconclusive, but there is also a considerable proportion who have had personal experiences which are inexplicable upon any theory of fraud. Telepathy there may be, or muscle-reading, or the operation of some sixth sense no better known to us as yet than electricity and radiography were known to Aristotle, but the man who has sat down with one or two members of his own family to make a first experiment and has found the table jumping about under his hands and spelling out intelligent answers to the questions which he has put, will simply be antagonized and irritated by the controversialist who assures him that the whole thing is imposture. For this reason, though we are thoroughly in accord with Dr. J. J. Walsh when he says that "while spiritual-

¹ (1) *Spiritism, Facts and Frauds*. By S. A. Blackmore, S.J. New York: Benziger. Pp. 536. Price, 15s. 1925.

(2) *Spiritualism a Fake*. By James J. Walsh, M.D. Bound up with *Spiritualism a Fact*. By Hereward Carrington. Boston: The Stratford Company. Pp. 132 and 150. Price, \$2.50. 1925.

(3) *The Ways of God*. From the French of Mme Mink-Jullien. Translated by M. D. Goldschild. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xxiv. 136. Price, 3s. 1925.

ism has failed to demonstrate communication with the dead, it has brought out the possibility of communication with evil spirits," we cannot but regret the implication conveyed in the lettering which meets the eye upon the cover of his volume—"Spiritualism a Fake." No doubt he modifies this by the question which stands in the place of a sub-title, "Can we communicate with the dead?" and which he very rightly answers in the negative. Spiritualism is certainly to this extent a fake in that it makes pretensions which are altogether illusory and unreliable, but the general impression left by his argument, apart from one or two sentences like that just quoted, will for most readers be that the procedure of Spiritualism is fraudulent and that none but people in their dotage can believe in the phenomena.

Father Blackmore, in a volume of over 500 pages, presents us with a much more detailed study of the subject, and for the most part treats the spiritualistic movement seriously enough. He inclines strongly to the view that all that is not explicable by natural causes is to be attributed to diabolic agency, basing his argument upon the teaching of St. Thomas regarding the knowledge and activities of the world of spirits. Obviously the author is within his right in making appeal to the authority of the Angelic Doctor, though we doubt whether the many pages devoted to this metaphysical reasoning will appear quite convincing even to his Catholic readers. On the other hand, Father Blackmore himself seems to us quite needlessly anxious to discover trickery in the manifestations which he has occasion to discuss. He quotes more than once Mr. Joseph McCabe's "Spiritualism, a Popular History," regardless of the fact that Mr. McCabe is just as biassed and unfair in his treatment of the spiritistic hypothesis as he is in attacking the dogmas of Christianity. Although there is a good deal of transcendental argument in the Jesuit writer's volume, its pages are relieved by many illustrative examples borrowed with due acknowledgment from various quarters, including the pages of *THE MONTH*. One curious story which he gives on his own authority is new to us, and may be interesting to our readers:

A priest with whom the author was well acquainted, communicated privately his strange experience with the ouija-board to several clergymen. Impressed, he said, by the mania then prevailing, he determined to discover for himself the cause of the senseless fascination. He began, for the sake of diversion, to manipulate the ouija for a time each night before retiring. After a while he perceived that some invisible intelligence was gaining an influence over him even to sensible control. The fact caused him to break off all further use of the instrument. A few nights later he found

an unaccountable impulse to resort again to the ouija-board. Adhering, notwithstanding, to his firm resolve, he conquered the temptation. But after retiring that same night, he soon heard a strange racket. The ouija had leaped from its place to the floor, and on reaching the bed-side by a series of jumps, placed itself squarely on his chest. In great surprise he rose and replaced it on the mantle-piece. But after an interval of some ten or more minutes, the ouija went through the same performance a second time. These repeated actions roused the priest to realize the situation, and in dread rising hurriedly, he threw the board through the open window, where it was found next morning shattered upon the flagstones in several pieces.

It is a pity that Father Blackmore has not apparently felt justified in giving the priest's name or in obtaining from him a written statement of the fact at first hand.

The little book of Mme Mink-Jullien contains a narrative, printed under the rather fanciful title of "The Ways of God," describing a very extraordinary conversion through Spiritualism, or at any rate through automatic writing. The author, at that time, like her husband, a religious sceptic, became a widow, and in the terrible anguish of her loss attempted to get into communication with her husband through automatic writing. In this, as she believed, she succeeded; but strangely enough, as time went on, the messages received began more and more earnestly to urge her to seek instruction and to join the Catholic Church. This, in spite of some strange recommendations and prophecies, she eventually did, and we have the testimony of the distinguished Dominican, Père Mainage, who contributes a preface, to the effect that she has proved herself for some years a most fervent convert, having altogether given up any spiritualistic practices. Some parallel English cases of the same kind will be found recounted in *THE MONTH* for August, 1893.

3—NON-CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY¹

THE First Series of personal statements by representative British philosophers appeared in 1924 under the editorship of Professor Muirhead. The Second Series was issued in 1925 under the same editorship. Sixteen British philosophers stated their views in the First Series, twelve more contribute to the Second.

In our review of the First Series we called attention to the

¹ *Contemporary British Philosophy*. Second Series. Edited by Professor Muirhead. London: Allen and Unwin. Pp. 365. Price, 16s.

scepticism displayed in many of the essays, and we quoted certain remarks made by the editor which seemed to us to show acquiescence in that scepticism. He seemed to acknowledge that modern British philosophy made no pretence of being a science, of having attained the truth; it was rather an art like poetry, which gave expression to the emotions excited in the philosopher by the contemplation of the universe. In an interesting Preface to the Second Series, Professor Muirhead tells his critics that they misunderstood him, and he explains at some length what he considers the real position of British philosophy to be. In his own name and in the name of all his contributors, as he thinks, Professor Muirhead repudiates the view that the human mind is incapable of bridging the chasm between the subject and the objective world. Each thinker, to be sure, has his own personal equation, but neither in the sciences nor in philosophy does the personal equation prevent an investigator from attaining a measure of objective truth. "Common sense and science alike are founded on the instinctive assumption not only that the Cosmos has created us after its own image, but that it has created us with the power to know it as it is . . . that the human mind is incapable in the last resort of 'pure thought' in the sense of submission to the truth as it is in things, is a view to which it is safe to say, it could only reconcile itself at the price of self-extinction" (p. 11).

In spite of great divergences among British philosophers, Professor Muirhead thinks that there are certain lines of approximation among them, some assured results, some sure marks of progress in recent years. The old controversy between Realism and subjective Idealism as stated in the old terms is now obsolete. James Ward, the writer of the first essay in this volume, is quoted with approval as saying: "The duality of experience as involving both a subject and an object, an *experiens* and an *expertum*, is no longer questioned by any competent thinker" (p. 15).

Equally out of date is the old controversy between materialism and spiritualism. It is generally admitted now, that phenomena cannot be explained in terms of matter and mechanical action alone (p. 16). There is a growing recognition of the necessity of admitting a *nisus* or urge in Nature by which it is preserved in its essence and strives ever to advance to higher levels. Thinkers of all schools now see in evolution the operation of a creative principle (p. 17). Materialists used to teach that personal or social pleasure was the goal of existence. Philosophers of all schools now see that a place must be found in reality for such values as duty, devotion to truth, and love of beauty (p. 18).

Professor Muirhead is a witness of the highest competence in the matter to which he testifies, and these assertions of his are most interesting and important. We are bound to admit

that to a greater or less extent they are corroborated by the essays of Professors Ward, Sorley, Taylor and Dawes Hicks in the present volume. Still, other contributions show that different views are held by other writers. Mr. Belfort Bax, for example, writes: "It was plain to me that outside the determinations of consciousness there could be no Reality, no existence in any intelligible sense whatever. This is of course a commonplace position to those at all versed in philosophic thought at the present time" (p. 58). The position of Professor Webb, as described on p. 341, can only be called in the highest degree sceptical. However, the New Realism has got hold of some sound principles, and we can only say to it—*Proficias*.

4—LAMENTATIONS AND JOB IN ITALIAN¹

CANON RICCIOTTI has followed up an edition of Jeremiah with two similar works upon that prophet's Lamentations and upon Job, to both of which we feel justified in extending a cordial welcome. The general get-up, the prefaces, the introductions, the notes, all appear to merit praise, but most of all the admirable grace and fidelity with which the author contrives to express his texts in Italian. In the introductions also he shows himself master of a clear, strong style which makes it a pleasure to read his dissertations. Moreover he is an enthusiast, and considers (in his preface to the "Lamentations") that in Italy few, too few, have accepted Pope Leo's invitation, issued thirty years ago in the "Providentissimus Deus," to make more of Holy Writ, and especially to priests to bestow more pains upon reading, meditating, explaining it. His ambition in the matter, he declares, is to be "the voice of one crying," yet not "in the wilderness." But in the preface to Job he welcomes further action by the Holy See, the regulations of April, 1924, requiring Biblical degrees in Biblical professors, and recommending the Biblical Institute. It is not rare, he remarks, to find among Catholics, at all events in Italy, those who are of the opinion that a good theological preparation is enough in order to understand and explain the Bible sufficiently well. This opinion he rejects vigorously, remarking that it is based on the usual confusion between what is enough and what is necessary; and he proceeds to plead for a truly scientific and expert study. His own object, he declares, is to make the Bible better known in

¹(1) *Le Lamentazioni di Geremia*: Versione critica dal testo ebraico con Introduzione e Commento. By Giuseppe Ricciotti, Canonico Regolare Lateranense. Torino: Marietti. Pp. viii. 97. Price, 12 lire. 1924.

(2) *Il Libro di Giobbe*. Same editor and publisher. Pp. xii. 258. Price, 25 lire. 1924.

Italy; and he tells us that the need is great for all. He bestows so much praise upon the publisher, the Commendatore Mario Marietti, for his help in the matter, that we feel sure the Commendatore deserves our own praise also; and indeed, if he and Canon Ricciotti can but continue to publish other works in the same attractive style as the two before us, we feel little doubt that the cause will be won.

It is in fact the general spirit and execution of these two books that fill us with hope in regard of the contribution to be made by Italy to the general advance of Biblical studies now so visible in the Church at large, rather than any details of translation or commentary or introduction. We may note, however, of the essays which make up the introductions, that they are conceived in a large spirit and supply a good background, besides stimulating interest. In "Lamentations" we have about twenty pages on "Funeral Rites in the Ancient East" before we come to the critical discussion of the work itself, which is followed by a short but clear explanation of the 3-2 *Qinah* metre. Individual verses and notes we shall not criticize, but we may remark the conscientious treatment of Lam. i. 12, the well-known *O Vos omnes qui transitis per viam*, where the *O Vos* is subject to much uncertainty.

In the same way "The Philosophical Problem of the Book of Job" is discussed in twenty pages before we come to closer grips with the book, and pagan solutions of the problem of evil are made to enhance the value of the Biblical and Christian doctrine. Even that does not preclude a later treatment of the "Scope and doctrine of the Book of Job"; and the various other issues that arise are also well handled. The Book of Job is a little apt to disappoint him who sets himself to read right through it carefully; it is long, there is not much movement in the argument, nor does the doctrine enunciated carry one very far. Still, for that very reason it has an interest of its own in the history of thought, even of revealed thought; it shows us (if nothing else) how lofty an idea of God could be nourished upon a conception of Providence shown by the New Testament itself to require development. And certainly in the work before us the Book of Job suffers no loss in aught that can hold the reader.

5—THE PROBLEM OF WORSHIP¹

THIS work has some very striking merits. It is scholarly, painstaking, methodical, magnificently documented and indexed. If there is some tendency to prolixity and repetition,

¹ *Le Culte, Etude d'Histoire et de Philosophie Religieuses*. By Robert Will. Vol. I. Librairie Istra: Strassburg. Pp. viii. 458. Price, 60 fr.

if the same thing is said over and over again in different contexts, this is partly due to the author's method of enforcing his views by a large variety of illustrations, for which, we doubt not, most readers will be grateful. Still, we cannot help feeling that the book is too large. The excellent introductory chapters put us very adequately in possession of the author's point of view, and a little wise parsimony in descriptive detail later on would have been fully justified. Nevertheless, the composition, style and arrangement of the whole work are highly praiseworthy.

The book is issued by the Faculty of Protestant Theology of the University of Strassburg, and the problem dealt with is emphatically a Protestant problem. One cause of the decay of Protestantism both here and on the Continent has undoubtedly been the neglect, in some cases the contemptuous neglect, of liturgical forms in worship. And the principal cause of that neglect was, of course, the rejection of those Catholic dogmas of which the liturgy is the appropriate expression. We are not sure that Dr. Will quite realizes this connection. He admits, in one place, that it may be difficult for Protestantism to recapture the mystical and liturgical element in worship, when faith in the Mysteries themselves no longer exists. We agree entirely, and indeed we hope that it will not only be difficult but impossible. Without the Catholic faith, the Catholic liturgy really does become what the Reformers called it, an empty mummery. It would not be in the best interests of the Protestants themselves to attempt such borrowings and adaptations as would be both incongruous and insincere. Dogma lies across the path of the liturgical eclectic, however little he may be aware of its presence.

Dr. Will appears to be almost unconscious of this difficulty: at all events he quite fails to bring it out. His work is a philosophical and historical study, the philosophy and the history being, in true Hegelian style, completely fused with one another. This may account for the failure to deal with the obvious difficulty here noted. Probably, Dr. Will himself does not admit the finality of the Catholic dogmas in question. He would regard them, no doubt, as merely provisional categories, or historical phases of the theological intellect, which can be, or perhaps by this time have been, transcended. It is a pity that he nowhere opens his mind on these subjects. Still more is it regrettable that he never attempts any vindication of his Hegelian assumptions. And, by the way, is not the Hegelian technique rather *démodé* at the present day? Is a writer quite justified in assuming it as common ground with his educated readers? A modern Catholic writer on liturgical history would think twice before putting his facts in a framework of Aristotelian philo-

sophy. He would know that such procedure would be decried by Catholic and non-Catholic critics alike as hopelessly unscientific and *à priori*. We cannot see that Hegelianism has any advantage over Scholasticism in this respect; rather, we should say, the contrary.

Hence, if we choose to question the author's method of thesis, antithesis and synthesis, his philosophical doctrine will have little substance for us. The historical portions will retain their value, but, of course, we shall not be concerned with the author's characterization of facts and tendencies, which is too often deduced from the philosophical assumptions, not extracted from the facts. We may add that the author's criticisms of Catholic worship seem to us quite conventional and external.

6—A LITURGICAL COMMENTARY ON THE ROMAN MISSAL¹

ALMOST the only adverse criticism which we should be tempted to make upon this excellent piece of work is concerned with its title. Abbot Schuster has prefixed to the Italian original of his book the heading "*Liber Sacramentorum*," and Mr. Levelis-Marke has rendered this quite correctly by the word "Sacramentary." At the same time we doubt much if the average reader, whether he live in Italy or in England, is likely to have any very clear idea as to what a Sacramentary is. He will almost inevitably suppose that it is a treatise on the Sacraments, and so in some sense it is, but the Sacraments, *qua* Sacraments, occupy but a very small place in its programme. The book, no doubt, is quite sufficiently described in its second sub-title, "Historical and Liturgical Notes on the Roman Missal," but this of course is a designation which could not easily be stamped upon the cover. Moreover, as it seems to us, the phrase "*Liber Sacramentorum*" does not quite do justice to the actual contents of these volumes. So far as the "Sacramentary" is distinguished from the Missal—the "*Plenarium*"—the difference lies in this, that the former does not take account of the readings which find their place in the liturgy, notably the epistles and gospels. Nevertheless, in the book before us, a good deal of space is given, and from the point of view of the reader's convenience, very rightly given, to the subjects dealt with in the epistle and gospel of each Sunday, Festival and Feria.

This is indeed the aspect of the work which, other things being equal, is bound to secure for it a very large sale. It is so surpris-

¹ *The Sacramentary (Liber Sacramentorum)*. By Ildefonso Schuster. Translated by Arthur Levelis-Marke, M.A. Vols. I. and II. London: Burns, Oates and Washbourne. Pp. xii. 428, and x. 418. Price, 15s. each volume. 1925.

ingly complete. We have, to begin with, a very copious historical introduction which deals with many matters which are no doubt closely associated with the contents of the Missal, but which also travel far outside the range of topics directly suggested in its pages. Abbot Schuster's second chapter, for example, is devoted to "Christian Initiation," in other words, to the history of the Sacrament of Baptism, his fourth chapter is entitled "Fractio Panis," where, though we have not seemingly any reference to Mgr. Wilpert's monograph bearing the same name, we find a discussion of the liturgy as known to St. Justin with considerable extracts from his *Apologia* printed in Greek type. So again we have lengthy dissertations on "the Lateran Musical Schola," on "the Consecration of Basilicas," on "Sacred Art in the House of God," and "on the Roman Calendar." It would be wrong-headed indeed to complain of any of these things, which the author presents us with *ex abundantia*, but they are hardly suggested by the title or sub-title of the book, and it seems on that account desirable to give the prospective reader some idea of the agreeable surprises which are in store for him.

The science of liturgy is full of problems, many of which we can never hope to solve and with regard to which a great difference of opinion prevails among authorities of the highest name. There are several points upon which we should hesitate to express agreement with the view put forward by Abbot Schuster, but we fully recognize that he almost everywhere follows opinions which have good support in their favour and that he does not embark upon crazy theories of his own. His translator, so far as we have seen, has served him well. The book reads smoothly and pleasantly, and it is a pleasure to say that the English type and paper present an agreeable contrast to those of the Italian original. On the other hand, the whole work in Italian can be obtained, at the present rate of exchange, for about half the cost of one of the English volumes. We make no complaint against the publishers on this score, it is due to the unfortunate conditions of the printing trade; but we simply state it as a fact, and this English translation is not yet complete.

7—THE FOUNDESS OF THE ASSUMPTION NUNS'

THE wonderful woman whom this book commemorates was born in 1817 and died in 1897. During the eighty years between those dates she saw the congregation which she had founded in the teeth of infinite difficulties spread and take sturdy root in England, Spain, Italy, America, the Philippines and other

¹ *Life of Mère Marie Eugénie Milleret de Brou.* By the Dowager Lady Lovat. London: Sands and Co. Pp. xiii.—427. Price, 16s. net. 1925.

places. Her convent in Kensington Square is, as everyone knows, a principal *joyer* of London Catholicism, and the splendid Assumptionist convents at Richmond (Yorkshire), Ramsgate and Sidmouth, have a reputation as girls' schools second to none in this country. The sound training of the young, a training which wedded the best secular culture with the spirit of Catholicism, this was the great passion of Mère Marie's crowded life. Mgr. Dupanloup said there was not another woman in France who understood education as well as she did, and many a page in this book proves that his words were no idle compliment. Besides its interest from this point of view, Lady Lovat's biography shows a valiant woman in all the phases of her spiritual development, and it is a most inspiring picture. Nor does the story lack interest in its historical setting, for Mère Marie, born into the disillusioned France of the Restoration, had Père Lacordaire for a friend, and was one of the minor victims of *coup d'état* and Commune. The erratic Abbé Combalot, her adviser at first and afterwards her chief difficulty, is a curious figure in the not inconsiderable calendar of "devout nuisances." God sometimes uses strange instruments for the fulfilment of His greatest purposes. Lady Lovat tells her story in the quiet, unpretentious prose we have learned to expect from her pen. Sometimes the pace is slow, but so it is in life itself, and on the whole these chapters ring more convincing and true than if they had been galvanized with startling interpretations and lively epigrams.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

FR. Benedict Williamson entitles his new book on the Church **The Real Thing** (Kegan Paul: 10s. 6d.), and his chapters are a very good attempt to justify that title. The real thing which people need and want at the present day is a clear, definite and unchanging Creed which gives "peace in believing." That the Catholic Church and the Catholic Church alone can provide them with this Father Williamson proves in these fresh and interesting pages. Throughout the book we are not allowed to forget that its author was a chaplain in the Great War. Many of his personal experiences help out his argument usefully, but here and there the militaristic spirit gets more rein than it should in a Catholic treatise. The author runs to death the few military metaphors of the Bible and seems to ignore that the whole aim and spirit of Christianity is peace and brotherhood amongst men. His praise of the "warlike spirit" needs much qualification to be in harmony with the teaching of the Church. Again, the author's references to the French birth-rate (pp. 125 sq.) sound somewhat invidious when he could have found an even better illustration without crossing the Channel at all. What is the good of

pointing the finger of scorn at France when the conditions here at home are worse, the English birth-rate being the lowest in Europe? Father Williamson says many things that need saying, and says them often very well, but there is too much of 1914-1918 about his book for us to praise it *sans phrase*.

As is well known, Father Christian Pesch, S.J., in addition to his larger work in nine volumes, "*Praelectiones Dogmaticae*," has issued a *Compendium Theologiae Dogmaticae*, which is an abridged edition of the other. The Second Volume of this *Compendium* (Herder: 7.40 m.), now before us and in its third edition, treats of God and the Last Things—vast themes to be enclosed into upwards of 300 pages. Yet everything essential is here, and space has also been found to discuss the chief difficulties against the propositions advanced. An excellent work in which to revive one's knowledge of the Faith.

Le Mariage (Téqui: 3 fr.), by E. Jombart, is a short commentary on the canons of the Code dealing with the Sacrament of Marriage. It is hard to say for whom it is intended. A lay person would be confused by it and a theologian with the Code itself on his shelves might prefer to read its sufficiently lucid Latin. However, the matter is conveniently arranged for a busy man.

A book which, on the other hand, we sincerely hope will find a translator is *Jesus devant la Critique* (Beyaert: 15 fr.), by Abbé Paul Buyse. The Abbé deals with the questions of our Lord's existence, mission and personality in a very fresh and vivid way. His style is wonderfully alive and he has the poets as well as the critics at his finger-tips. Apologetics can be very dull under a pedestrian pen, but there is no subject more interesting when presented by a man who knows how to write. The Abbé Buyse certainly does, and he is a first-rate scholar as well. This book, with all its charm, goes very deep. The liberals, ancient and modern, are cited in their own words and effectively answered in words much better chosen than their own. We have only one little complaint to make, and that is at the excessive number of divisions in the book. The various devices of the printer, employed to make the argument clearer, really only serve to obscure it. If, as we hope, there is going to be an English version of the present volume, and its predecessor on the Church, it might be well to arrange the material according to a simpler plan. This ought not to be a very difficult task, and then the Abbé's work would be recognized as one of the most attractive pieces of apologetic writing that have appeared in recent years.

The two devotions *par excellence* of present-day Catholicism are without question those to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, and to His Sacred Heart. They are of the same family, and rooted in the same love. A study of their close connections cannot fail to be of interest to all Catholics, and this the Abbé L. Guariguët provides in his fine volume, *Eucharistie et Sacré Cœur* (Téqui: 12 fr.). It is a work of good theology combined with good history, written for the world at large, in an excellently clear and comprehensible style. No one need be afraid of opening it. The faithful who are not theologians will have their piety enlightened and deepened by its study, and even professors may come away with some very useful ideas on the inter-connection of dogmas which had not struck them before.

A new edition of *The Casuist* (New York, Wagner; London, Herder: Vol. I., 8s.), revised according to the Code by Rev. Stanislaus Woywood, O.F.M., will be welcomed by the clergy everywhere. Father Woywood's competence as a canonist adds a new value to this well-known collection of "cases."

Since mysticism depends for its exercise on ascetic discipline, it is not surprising to find both combined in a scientific treatment of the subject called *Theologiae Asceticae et Mysticae Cursus* (Marietti: 12.00 l.), translated from the Spanish of Father Francis Naval by Father J. M. Fernandez. The course which is intended to be used in the training of priests and by spiritual directors, is very thorough, comprising Mysticism in general, Asceticism, and Mysticism proper, and is based on approved masters of the spiritual life.

PHILOSOPHICAL.

A Catholic symposium on Kant has been published under the title, *Immanuel Kant, 1724—1794* ("Vita e Pensiero": 15.00 l.), by the new University of the Sacred Heart, Milan, by way of commemoration of the philosopher's bi-centenary. Surely a novel enterprise! We were prepared to find ample appreciation of the great German thinker—that is no more than might be expected in a volume of this nature—but, frankly, we are surprised at the degree of enthusiasm to which most of the writers have been stirred. Father Gemelli, in his opening essay, pleads eloquently for a realistic reading of the Kantian philosophy, as opposed to the subjectivist interpretation which has become stereotyped. As regards Kant himself, the Professor may be right. As many of his own disciples complained, Kant was but a half-baked Kantian to the end. To them, the thing-in-itself, to which the master clung with such pertinacity, appeared a mere crude remnant of that dogmatism which the Critical Philosophy was supposed to have made an end of. It is this survival of the dogmatic realist in Kant that gives an opportunity for the reconciling work of critics like Father Gemelli and his colleagues. Personally, we do not think they will succeed in their pacific attempt. We believe, in spite of Father Gemelli's passionate denial, that there is a real break between ancient and modern philosophy, and that the old classification which ranks Kantism among the subjectivist schools is fundamentally right. But for an interesting presentation of the opposite view, the reader may be recommended to consult this volume.

APOLOGETIC.

Under the modest title *Lecciones de Apologetica o Fundamentos de la Fe Católica*, Professor Rev. N. Marin Neguerneld gives us so thoroughly complete a treatise, enriched with such a wealth of proofs, profound knowledge and vast erudition, that we do not hesitate to say that the work is worth many books and well deserves to rank with the best on Apologetics hitherto published. There is no theory, no apologetical problem of the day, but is competently handled in one of the three sections, Spiritualism (or natural theology, Vol. I.), Christianity, and Catholicism (Vol. II.), into which the work is divided. The explanation is easy and within the comprehension of the undeveloped mind of the student, the style so graceful that it is a pleasure to read it. In a word, we

feel sure that the work will prove most serviceable for the attainment of the working knowledge of Apologetics that is desired in a Catholic college or University student.

Il Rivelatore, by Father Mariano Cordavani, O.P. ("Vita e Pensiero," Milan), is an apologetic treatise on familiar lines, consisting of three parts: Part I., Revelation and Philosophy; Part II., Revelation and History; Part III., Revelation and Society. Some of the questions treated of have little activity in England, at least, at the present day—the errors of Gioberti, for example, and those of the Traditionalists. Renan, Harnack, Loisy, Le Roy, and other modern critics, are adequately dealt with.

Life is short and books are sometimes very long. **Jésus dans l'Histoire et dans le Mystère**, by Père L. de Grandmaison, S.J., has only seventy-seven small pages in it, but its value cannot be gauged by its length. This small booklet is a perfect gem of sound apologetics. If error could be finally refuted in this fallen world, the anti-Christian theory of Robertson, Smith, Drews, and a few other extremists, here receives its quietus for ever and ever. Père de Grandmaison's publishers are Bloud and Gay of Paris, and the price of the booklet is 1.50 fr.

DEVOTIONAL.

Many do pray, all ought to pray. Everyone, therefore, should find in **A Map of Prayer** (B.O. and W.: 6d.), by the Rev. R. H. J. Steuart, S.J., much matter of interest, for the little treatise deals with the nature, difficulties and most useful methods of this necessary exercise, with an especial purpose of simplifying its practice.

The Epistles read at Mass on Sundays are not always easy to understand, so priests who take them as subjects for sermons may find help in **The Armour of Light** (Herder: 6s.), by the Rev. J. J. Burke. Father Burke does not profess to go very deeply into the exegesis of St. Paul. Indeed, we might say that he skims very lightly on the surface of it, but his short sermons on the Epistles, if not very learned or persuasive, are at least replete with pious suggestions. For simple congregations they might prove very effective.

Another book based on St. Paul is **Charity and Our Three Vows: Spiritual Conferences for Religious** (Herder: 8s.), by Owen A. Hill, S.J. There is plenty of robust spirituality in these conferences, and also a large measure of sound common sense. Father Hill knows all the ups and downs of religious life, and there is something finely bracing in his way of tackling the difficulties. The style of the book too is bright, even if sometimes brusque. Brusqueness is better than dullness in any case. For times of retreat, and indeed for all times, this volume will prove an admirable spiritual-reading book.

We read with the greatest interest and expectations the opening sections of **The Mass of the Cross** (Blackwell: 3s. 6d.), by the Rev. Michael A. Chapman. The author's aim (and we had better state he is one of ourselves) is to make the Mass live before us as our renewed and daily Calvary. Our Lord's seven words, finely called the liturgy of Calvary, are put in relation with seven parts of the Mass. The first two words fit in admirably with the Kyrie and the Gospel, but the analogy we fear breaks down with the third word. In spite of

Father Chapman's ingenuity we must say that "Woman, behold thy Son" affords but an uneasy text for a sermon on the Creed. The symmetry of this little book is consequently imperfect. In other respects it is magnificent. The style, the thought, the bright eloquence and deep piety of every page will delight the weariest of readers. Its architecture may be poor, but its ornament is absolutely beyond reproach. A little book of real charm and immense helpfulness.

BIOGRAPHICAL

"Without love," wrote the "Little Flower," "our works, even the most brilliant, count as nothing. Jesus does not demand from us great deeds, but only gratitude and self-surrender, that is to say, Love." Hers was a life spent in "offering flowers of love and sacrifice to God *for His pleasure*, actions done "solely to delight Our Lord," and thus may be summed up *The Spirit of St. Thérèse de l'enfant Jesus* (B.O. and W.: 3s. net)—"according to her writings and the testimony of eye-witnesses," a new edition of which lies before us. The methodical arrangement of the book is highly to be commended, selections from her letters, notes taken by her novices, etc., are divided under such headings as humility, love of God, love of her neighbour, etc., and the marginal references are in each case clearly given. To quote the preface by Cardinal Vico, "the characteristic of her spiritual life which is the love of God, serving as the foundation of her entire edifice of perfection," is clearly drawn out in the present volume. The book is translated by the Carmelites of Kilmacud, Co. Dublin.

La Vie du Cardinal Gibbons (Téqui: 15.00 fr.) is a French adaptation of Allen Sinclair Will's well-known biography. M. l'Abbé Lugan has done his work as translator well, and there is a good introduction by Abbé Félix Klein.

"I die as the only Catholic of my family: what a great grace of God." With these words H.R.H. the Princess Anna of Russia, Landgræfin of Hesse, expressed on her deathbed the peace and happiness she had found in the Church. When Kaiser Wilhelm II., her grand-nephew, after having broken off relations with her for seventeen years, paid her a first and last visit in her sick-room at Frankfurt in the year 1918, she assured him with tears that the Catholic Church had fulfilled and surpassed all her expectations. Her conversion, on the 10th October, 1901, had roused a great sensation in Germany and abroad. The Kaiser, as Chief of the House of Hohenzollern, had sent her an indignant letter, notifying her the formal expulsion from the Royal Family, forbidding all the members of the Hohenzollern House to have relation with her, as for them "she would not exist any longer." Insulting terms, such as apostasy, treason, disloyalty and even stupid ignorance are not spared in the harsh letter of the Protestant Pontifex Maximus, who prides himself in the faith to "*which alone* the House of Hohenzollern owes its greatness and ascendancy to the Kaiserthrone." The Rev. Dr. K. Romeis, author of *Prinzessin Anna von Preussen: Ihr Weg zur Katholischen Kirche* (Herder: 4.00 m.), has given us a masterly description of the Prussian Princess's "Way to Rome," which led her through persecution to a life of peace. The record of Sister Elizabeth's saintly death

—as a member of the Third Order of St. Francis she bore that name—recalls to the reader many a similar scene in Christian hagiography. Few stories of conversion can be so captivating and inspiring as this one. It is a book which one would wish to see translated into English and widely spread amongst those who, like this heroic convert, have found their happiness in the Mother Church, and also amongst others who still hesitate to face the sacrifices involved in this decisive step. *Exempla trahunt!*

HISTORICAL

A man who undertakes to write a short history of Ireland undertakes a very heavy responsibility. The subject is extremely complicated, in parts very dull, and in its last chapter as prickly and provocative of retorts as any subject well could be. Remembering this, *The Students' History of Ireland* (Longmans: 5s.), by Stephen Gwynn, merits more than common praise. Mr. Gwynn says truly that nothing is more important in the teaching of Irish history than "to teach it courteously and charitably." These words sum up his own capital little book. Courteous and charitable it is from first page to last. Anyone who knows Mr. Gwynn's own political loyalties cannot fail to be impressed by the serene objectivity of his chapter on Sinn Féin. This is the book of a gentleman, which is more than can be said for a recent essay in Irish history by a soi-disant Nationalist, with all its bluster and back-chat. English readers on the look-out for an unbiassed and clearly-written summary of their nearest neighbours' fortunes throughout the ages have now only to invest five shillings to be satisfied. It is surely a subject better deserving of study than Czechoslovakia or even (let us be brave!) the United States of America. It is only the Mrs. Jellabys who forget the person next door in order to concentrate on the mid-African blacks.

London Catholic Churches (Sands: 6s.), by Alexander Rottmann, is an excellent historical and artistic record of no less than seventy-nine buildings. The photographs are very good and the information provided in the letter-press is succinct and accurate. This book was badly needed, and Mr. Rottmann deserves all credit for the able way in which he has put it together. A volume so well written, printed on such fine paper and boasting eighty-two illustrations, is a phenomenon nowadays for a bare six shillings.

A detail in the modern history of the Church is elaborated in *Le Catholicisme en Corée: son origin et ses progrès* (Press of the Missions Etrangères, Hong Kong), which gives an exhaustive account of the struggles and sufferings in which the Church of Korea was founded and from which it derives its present flourishing condition. It has survived four or five fierce persecutions and can boast as heroic martyrs as any part of Christendom. A number of excellent maps elucidate the text and all necessary statistics are furnished. The work is published also in English.

The third volume of M. l'Abbé Pourrat's historical work, *La Spiritualité Chrétienne* (Lecoffre: 16 fr.), deals with the period from the Renaissance to the rise of Jansenism. All the great schools of spiritual wisdom are treated in turn, the Spanish, the Italian, the specifically Salesian, and the French. The learned author brings to his difficult task

all the competence which long study of the classics of Christian asceticism can furnish. But, if we may say so, competence of that kind is not enough to make an interesting and readable book. Père Pourrat is learned, very learned, but he does not possess Abbé Brémond's gift for lighting up a text. He jogs on from passage to passage till we find ourselves out of breath trying to keep up with him and not a little confused into the bargain, because he never troubles to give us our bearings. This is a solid but somewhat heavy treatise.

NON-CATHOLIC WORKS.

There are many ways of meditating on the Sacred Passion of Our Lord, but the strangest we have ever put before us is to imagine oneself the central figure, to displace the Divine Victim and make of His seven words, seven illustrations of one's own moral shortcomings. Mr. Kenneth Ingram, a noted "Anglo-Catholic" writer, did not intend to create this impression in the minds of readers of his latest book, **The Mystery of the Three Hours** (Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 3s. 6d.). Nevertheless he does create it. With Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in our hands we do not need any journalistic *tours de force* in connection with the three hours' agony of our Lord. Mr. Ingram's imagined experiences may be interesting to himself, but they are much too fanciful to be convincing and too arbitrary to be helpful.

The Bishop of Manchester holds many views on Christian theology with which Catholics cannot agree, but when he is dealing with social subjects and the morality of international relations he comes very close indeed to the teaching of the Church. As everybody knows, he possesses a really wonderful gift for making a subject live, and his recent book, **Personal Religion and the Life of Fellowship** (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), is no whit inferior to its predecessors in this respect. As he is not engaged primarily with dogma in these pages, but with the social aspects of Christianity, a Catholic will find much to stimulate his zeal in them. What Dr. Temple says is not new to us, for it may be found in the encyclicals of Pope Leo XIII., but he enforces the familiar theme with a penetrating and powerful dialectic which is peculiarly his own. Here and there he makes statements that we, as Catholics, cannot accept, but they are sufficiently rare and incidental not to spoil the value of his book for us. The first chapter, with the exception of one or two remarks on the Bible, contains many finely expressed thoughts, and the second chapter, on "The Christian Conception of History," is still better. Best of all perhaps is the concluding chapter on "Conversion." Conversion does not mean for Dr. Temple the emotions of a Salvation Army platform, but a genuine change of heart and the adoption of a new attitude to our plain social duties. What he says about the housing and similar questions gives one's complacency a nasty but healthy jar. The most appropriate adjective for his book is "convincing." He really gets at his reader, and gets at him, in this volume at least, for his good.

The Bishop of Kensington, who writes so eloquently in **Applied Religion** (Longmans: 2s. 6d. n.) of the spiritual destitution of the age and of the need of rebaptizing it in Christ, is an unconscious witness of the loss humanity has suffered by the rejection on the part of multitudes of that divine Institution, the Catholic Church, the precise object of which

is to perpetuate the life and teaching of our Lord throughout the ages by mediating His grace through the sacraments and by being the home of His abiding Presence. The Bishop has thought soundly and writes well, but his voice has not, in effect, the weight of the Church behind it. By force of circumstances he is an individual speaking to individuals and unable to impart to them the support which comes from a vast organization equipped with the means of applying the remedies he calls for. However, that is not his fault, and he bears witness for Christ boldly and clearly.

The Rev. Clement S. Rogers, an experienced speaker from the Anglican platform in Hyde Park, has "written out" his discourses on the proofs of God's Existence in four **Lectures in Hyde Park** (S.P.C.K.: 2s.), furnished with illustrations and references. In general the familiar arguments are well stated and developed, although a better acquaintance with Catholic literature would have rectified the author's exposition. He implies, for instance, that love which involves self-sacrifice is necessarily more perfect than love which costs nothing, and that, therefore, man is capable of greater love than a God who cannot suffer! He would abolish the useful distinction between natural and revealed religion which has a perfectly rational basis,—a proceeding which finds its parallel in destroying the difference between the natural and the supernatural. But even the Catholic apologist may pick up some useful hints from the book and the many quotations collected in it.

Miss Evelyn Underhill devotes a chapter of her book, **The Mystics of the Church** (James Clarke: 6s. net) to "Some Protestant Mystics," indicating that in the other chapters she is concerned with mystics who were Catholic and developed their gift within the limits of their Catholic duty. Her treatment is intelligent and sympathetic, as might be expected from one who has long steeped herself in the subject. And she recognizes the symptoms of self-illusion in those who explore mysticism outside the Church's guidance. It is a book which can be studied with profit, if with caution, by those who wish for a compendious account of mysticism in practice.

The Fourfold Challenge of To-day, edited by Henry Cecil (Longmans: 2s. 6d.), is a record of the proceedings of the Sheffield Regional "Copec" Conference held in October, 1924. The fourfold challenge is made up of Homes, Work, Education and Peace. These are well-worn themes and the Report does not give us much new light on them. Still, it is interesting to Catholics as showing the direction in which those outside the Church are seeking for solutions.

In **The Faculty of Communion** (Longmans: 4s. 6d. net), the Honourable Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D.B.E., gives her reasons for believing that we are surrounded by discarnate beings at a fuller stage of development than our own, who are continually affecting our thoughts. She holds that her fellow men and women have a faculty for communion with these beings and expresses a hope that we shall all be able to use it some day without the intervention of mediums. The only comment a Catholic feels called upon to make with regard to this rather futile book, is one of regret that an obviously gifted woman should have been guilty of it. A Catholic too may take the liberty of informing the writer that the Communion of Saints is something very different from what she imagines.

FICTION.

Whoso has taken a liking for a good, stirring, straightforward romance will enjoy *Quand la Vendée résista!* (Téqui: 7.50 fr.), by Vincent le Govec. The very name of la Vendée has magic in it, and M. le Govec succeeds in distilling the charm most pleasantly. A good book for French classes in our schools.

VERSE.

The Little Brown Company (Hopkinson: 5s. net) is the happy title that Mr. Louis Vincent has given to his Anthology of Franciscan poetry and prose. In making his selection the compiler has drawn upon the work of practically all our Catholic poets and verse-makers, and of non-Catholics as well, where the Franciscan spirit expresses itself in other terms than the so-called Franciscanism of a modern cult. Mr. Vincent has been particularly successful in preserving the true spirit where this other might easily have crept in. He has, withal, made what, as he says in his Foreword, might (we do not agree with his "should") have been a weighty and scholarly tome a pleasant little volume, not lacking in the deeper note. The selections include Mrs. Meynell's "Lady Poverty," contributions from the works of Francis Thompson, Aubrey De Vere, Coventry Patmore, Gerard Hopkins, and so back to Jacopone da Todi and the Missal itself. The little Anthology has an interest for the reader as showing how the Franciscan ideal has made its appeal to all Catholic poets, from John Bannister Tabb back to Dante. They all find a meeting place in such a collection as this. The same may be said of the prose writers. Thomas of Celano, Brother Giles, G. K. Chesterton and John Ruskin meet in the little brown company, and are well met.

With a view to increasing devotion to our English Martyrs, whose canonization is looked forward to in 1929, the Manresa Press has just published a book of metrical history—this description seems to best suit a volume which combines an illuminating exposition of an intricate situation with a by no means unsuccessful attempt at versification. The singer, who disguises the apologist under the name of "Red Robin," has entitled his volume *Love Mightier than Death*. He compares the loss of England's olden Faith to the foundering of a ship—

"scuttled by thieves at anchor where she lay,

In open harbour, in the eye of day."

The story of the "Reformation" is recounted in blank verse, by no means lacking in forcefulness, but sheer drama is nowhere allowed to make the story that of a mere maker of romance. We have solid history, with no hectic touches, no embellishments, for such is the story of our English martyrs. Every Catholic who has the chance should read it in this new guise, which serves to quicken the pulse and stir the soul whilst it serves out historical fact with the precision and accuracy of the prose, not to say prosy, history book writer. The volume also contains a drama, "Blessed Thomas More," suitable for acting, and is priced at 5s.

Ivory Palaces, by Wilfred Rowland Childe, is a volume of poems through which even the reader of the more critical kind will wend his

way in search of lines of real beauty, for he will have found that the poet loves Nature and that his thoughts are a poet's thoughts expressed in a manner which is the poet's own. The poems vary in quality. The one entitled "Recompense" is finely done and expresses the faith and courage which strikes one the more in an age which mistakes cynicism for something other than cowardice. Mr. Childe, like others of his craft, has felt compelled to go beyond the narrow limits of the dictionary for words to express the subtleties of his picture. He loves uncommon words, and has a mint for the coining of new ones, but he can be simple. The poem, "Invitation to a church a long way off," ends with a line of the happiest inspiration:

"And you shall join the Angels' song

And see God in Love's glass."

The poet loves that which is "virginal," that which is wise. He has discovered Beauty in her Home. Hence God and Nature are knit together in one theme. The book is published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., price 6s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In 1924, as our readers are aware, a Catholic Congress took place at Velehrad in the heart of Czechoslovakia. The question treated was that of Reunion between the Eastern schismatic Churches and Rome, a question that is so dear to the heart of the present Pope. The proceedings of the Congress have been published recently under the title *Acta IV. Conventus Velehradensis Anno 1924*, and may be obtained from the ecclesiastical authorities of Czechoslovakia.

Part III. of Father Van der Schueren's delightful missionary chronicle, *The Belgian Mission of Bengal*, is issued by Thacker, Spink and Co. of Calcutta. It is splendidly illustrated and to say that it reads as interesting as a novel is not the least bit of an exaggeration. Indeed it is far more absorbing than the general run of novels.

Another good book about the foreign missions is *A History of the Catholic Church in Ceylon* (Colombo "Messenger" Press: R. 31.50), by Rev. S. G. Prakasar, O.M.I. It is scholarly and interesting and the photographs of old maps are excellent.

Progressive Ignorance (Herder: 3s. 6d. net), by Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C., Ph.D., is a "Little Book of Familiar Essays" on all kinds of topics, from Jazz to the Making of Good Resolutions. Dr. Miltner has a very lively pen, so lively, indeed, that sometimes it runs away with him. But he says a great number of wise things and says them in such a way that they are likely to stay in the reader's mind. On educational matters especially he shows himself a real Solomon. His book is not literature, but he did not mean it to be, and besides, there is much virtue in good journalism.

The word "punishment" implies a great number of other things, such as pain, penalty, law, character, conscience, education, will, instinct, retribution, etc., so it is no easy matter to write a book about it that will be at once adequate and correct in every detail. Mr. de Pauley, in *Punishment, Human and Divine* (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net), makes a brave attempt to show that punishment is "a combination of three mutually inter-

dependent elements, the retributive, the reformative and the deterrent." He is exceptionally well up in the literature of his subject, and to illustrate his own point of view, gives a good account of the theories of Plato, Plotinus, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, and Grotius. All the way through he wisely makes the Incarnation the guiding star of his argument, and Catholics will, on the whole, cordially agree with his line of thought. By way of criticism it might be said that he does not stress as much as it should be stressed, the fundamental character of the retributive element in punishment. In his chapter on the Atonement he says many good and helpful things, but rather whittles down the idea of expiation, which is central in Catholic theology. Otherwise this book is a remarkably reverent, lucid, and well-balanced contribution to penology.

Blessed Thomas More's *Utopia* is not a book that needs commending at this hour of the day, but we should like to let Catholic readers know that they can obtain an excellent version of the famous classic, in modern English, from Basil Blackwell, Oxford, price 5s. The translation was carried out by G. C. Richards, Fellow of Oriel College, and it could not have been done better.

How does poetry differ from prose? What a silly question to ask you might say, but studying *The Language of Poetry* (Heath Cranton: 3s. 6d.), by H. F. Sampson, you will discover that it is not so silly. Verse and rhyme have nothing to do with the matter, nor even rhythm, for poetic excellence can, we know, be isolated to the space of single lines where these understandable things are absent. Take, for instance, "There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter," and "Big, red buses go to Putney every morning," and then try to explain in ten lines why the one should be counted poetry and the other not. This is what Mr. Sampson tries to do in a hundred pages, and we are not altogether certain that he succeeds. He does not involve Putney, it is true, nor Rupert Brooke, but he brings in much trickier examples, and whether or no one can agree with all his suggestions, he certainly makes them look plausible. Some of his pages are rather stiff reading, with their gritty little phrases, such as "synthetic capacities of words," "ideographic perfection," "denotative function," etc., but, nevertheless, people who like poetry (and a good argument) will enjoy all that he has to say, even if they don't agree with it.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

Recent issues of the C.T.S. at twopence each are: *Purgatory*, by Father Faber; *St. Charles Borromeo*, by M. G. B. Mallins; *St. Thomas Aquinas*; *The Gospels as Books of History*, by Rev. C. C. O'Connor; *Penance and Fasting*, by Rev. P. E. Hallett, B.A. The following are reprints: *The Ordinary of the Mass*; *Thoughts for a Child of Mary*, by Maisie Ward; *Martin Luther*, by A. H. Atteridge; *Savonarola*, by Rev. H. Tristram; *From the Synagogue to the Church* (Lives of the Brothers Ratisbonne); *Cardinal Newman*, by Canon Barry. *Catholics in Oxford*, by Father Martindale, is an excellent sketch of their struggles and fortunes from the martyrdom of Blessed Edmund Campion in 1581 down to the present day. The pamphlet is a memorial of the jubilee of the parish church of St. Aloysius and is published by Blackwell. Those who like Almanacks will be delighted with the one which the Fran-

ciscan Fathers have published for 1926 (St. Anthony's Press, Forest Gate: 6d.). It is excellently written, well-illustrated and contains a great deal of interesting information about Franciscan activities. The **Almanach du Pèlerin** (Bonne Presse: 1.50 fr.) is delightfully French in its "get-up" and its vivacity. So too, only more so, is the **Almanach de la Bonne Nouvelle** (Téqui: 2 fr.), which is issued by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. These three almanacks are really good fun and most enjoyable reading. **Une Amé d'Enfant** (Bonne Presse: Price, 1.50 fr.) is a charming account of a little boy, made perfect in a short space, who died last year aged thirteen and who would seem to be the French brother-in-soul of Little Nellie of Holy God. His name was Guy de Fontgalland. Very modest in appearance and very wonderful in the story it tells is the pamphlet, **The Servant of God, Mother Mary Veronica**, Foundress of the Institute of the Victims of the Sacred Heart of Jesus (B.O. and W.: 1s.). When were reparation and intercession more needed than in the present Godless crisis of history? Here is a great and noble model for all souls called to that sublime work of charity. The following numbers of the **Catholic Mind**, January 8th and 22nd, and February 8th, 1926, contain articles on the Catholic school question, the forthcoming international Eucharistic Congress and Marriage. **Les Noms Juifs**, par Georges Massoutié (Téqui: no price stated), is an interesting and simple account of the way Jews acquired their names. From it we learn that not all Gordons are necessarily connected with heather. Jews often take their names from their place of birth, and some of those who came from Grodno, in Russia, turned themselves into highlanders for some unexplained reason, by means of an anagram. **Ce que c'est que La Société des Prêtres de Saint-François de Sales** is the huge title of a very tiny pamphlet on the subject in question (Téqui: one franc). **St. Xavier**, by Rev. J. B. Kessel, S.J. (from the Author, Mankato, Minnesota: 5 cents), is a booklet containing the Novena of Grace and other prayers in honour of St. Francis. **Contre le Bénéfice exagéré**, par A. Arnou (Action Populaire: 3.75 fr.) deals with monopoly prices, speculation and other matters from the point of view of Catholic moral theology. The conditions envisaged are, of course, French.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ART CATHOLIQUE, Paris.

Le Livre de la Bienheureuse Angèle de Foligno. Pp. xlii. 232. Price, 30 fr.

ALLEN AND UNWIN, London.

Contemporary British Philosophy. Edited by J. H. Muirhead. Second Series. Pp. 365. Price, 16s. n.

BEAUCHESNE, Paris.

Institutiones Metaphysicae Generalis. By P. Descoqs, S.J. Tom. I. Pp. 638. Price, 60.00 fr.

PAUL BRAND, Hilversum (Holland).

Tractatus de Deo Redemptore. Auctore G. Van Noort. Ed. 4a. Pp. 208. Price, 4s. 6d.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

Mystical Phenomena. By Mgr. A. Farges. Translated by S. P. Jacques. Pp. xvi. 668. Price, 17s. 6d.
The Life and Times of Bishop Ullathorne. By Dom Cuthbert Butler. 2 Vols. Pp. ix. 368: vii. 331. Price, 25s. *The Life of St. Francis*

- of Sales. By Rev. H. Burton. Vol. 1. Pp. xii. 516. Price, 15s. *The Burning Bush*. By Dom S. Louismet. Pp. xxi. 240. Price, 5s. 6d. *The Blind Obedience of an Humble Penitent*. By Sylvester Jenks. Pp. xi. 119. Price, 2s. 6d. Cloth, 5s. Leather. *The New Testament of Jesus Christ*. Rheims Translation. Pp. xxxi. 533. Price, 5s. Cloth, 7s. 6d. Leather. *The Mystery of Love*. By Most Rev. A. H. Lepicier, O.S.M. Pp. xiii. 255. Price, 6s. *Adventures in Catholicism*. By Richard Ellison. Pp. 286. Price, 6s. *The Elements of Ethics*. By Charles C. Miltner, C.S.C. Pp. 357. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Last Supper and Calvary*. By Rev. Alfred Swaby, O.P. Pp. xxiii. 194. Price, 5s. *A Map of Prayer*. By Rev. R. H. J. Steuart, S.J. Pp. ix. 19. Price, 6d. *The Church and the Land*. By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pp. viii. 214. Price, 2s. 6d.
- CORNSTALK PUBLISHING Co., Sydney.
Lyrics of Innocence. By M. J. Watson, S.J. Pp. 64. Price, 3s. 6d.
- FISCHER AND BRO., New York.
Various Masses with scores.
- INTERNATIONAL C.T.S., Brooklyn.
Breaking the Net of Unbelief. By Rev. H. E. G. Rope, M.A. Pp. 32. Price, 5 cents.
- LETHIELLEUX, Paris.
De la Volonté. By Marguerite Duportal. Pp. 192. Price, 7.50 fr. *La Croisade pour la Modestie*. By A. Vuillermet, O.P. Pp. 114. Price, 3.00 fr.
- LECOFFRE, Paris.
Saint Antonin. By A. Masseron. Pp. 200. Price, 5.00 fr. *Le Bienheureux P. J. Eymard*. By R. P. J.-M. Lambert. Pp. 184. Price, 5.00 fr.
- LONGMANS, London.
The Faith of an English Catholic. By Dr. Darwell Stone. Pp. 116. Price, 4s. n. *Virginibus Christl*. By Mother St. Paul. Pp. 128. Price, 4s. 6d. n. *The Life of the Venerable Philip Howard*. By Cecil Kerr. Pp. ix. 179. Price, 10s. 6d. n.
- MACMILLAN, London.
Meditations on Various Aspects of the Spiritual Life. By Sadhu Sundar Singh. Pp. xii. 78. Price, 2s. 6d. n.
- MARIETTI, Turin.
Storia Ecclesiastica Contemporanea (1900—1925). By O. M. Premoli. Pp. xii. 496. Price, 25.00 l. *De Censuris Latæ Sententiæ*. By A. de Cipollini. Pp. viii. 261. Price, 12.00 l. *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis*. Edit. 7a major recognita. By N. Sebastiani. Pp. 404. Price, 10.00 l. *Summarium Theologiæ Moralis*. Edit. 8a minor. Pp. 658.
- MARYKNOLL PRESS, New York.
Two Vincentian Martyrs. From the French. By F. Gilmore. Illustrated. Pp. 182. Price, \$1.00.
- PUSTET Co., New York.
The Sacrifice of Commemoration. By Rev. J. M. Lelen. Pp. 32.
- S.P.C.K., London.
Sukka, Mishna and Tosefta. By A. W. Greenup. Pp. 94. Price, 5s. n.
- STOCKWELL, London.
Hills of Home. By H. E. G. Rope. Pp. 20. Price, 1s. n. *Stories and Poems*. By Mary Talbot. Pp. 48. Price not stated.
- TEQUI, Paris.
L'Initiation Mystique. By Dom S. Louismet. Pp. 370. Price, 7.50 fr. *Transfigurée par l'Eucharistie et par la lutte*. By Abbé L. Lajoie. Pp. 90. Price, 2.00 fr. *Le Savants sont-ils des Croyants?* By J. Riche. Pp. 126. Price, 5.00 fr. *Le Fête Speciale de Jesus-Christ, Roi*. By E. Hugon, O.P. Pp. 34. Price, 1.50 fr. *L'Immortalité*. By Th. Mainage. Pp. 251. Price, 7.00 fr. *Les Saints-Ordres*. By Abbé L. Rouzic. Pp. 522. Price, 12.00 fr. *L'Apostolat Missionnaire de la France*. 2nd Série. Pp. xxi. 321. Price, 7.00 fr. And several smaller booklets.
- THE VERITAS PRESS, Manchester.
Christianity and Theosophy Harmonised. Edited by G. Leopold. Pp. 267. Price, 6s. n.
- THE VINE PRESS, Steyning.
Teams of To-morrow. By G. D. Martineau. Pp. xi. 56. Price, 5s.
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge.
Select Treatises of St. Bernard. Edited by W. W. Williams and B. V. R. Mills. Pp. xxiii. 169. Price, 10s. n.
- UNIVERSITY PRESS, Oxford.
Lan/ranc. By A. J. Macdonald, M.A. Pp. vii. 307. Price, 12s. 6d. n.

